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FAME AND

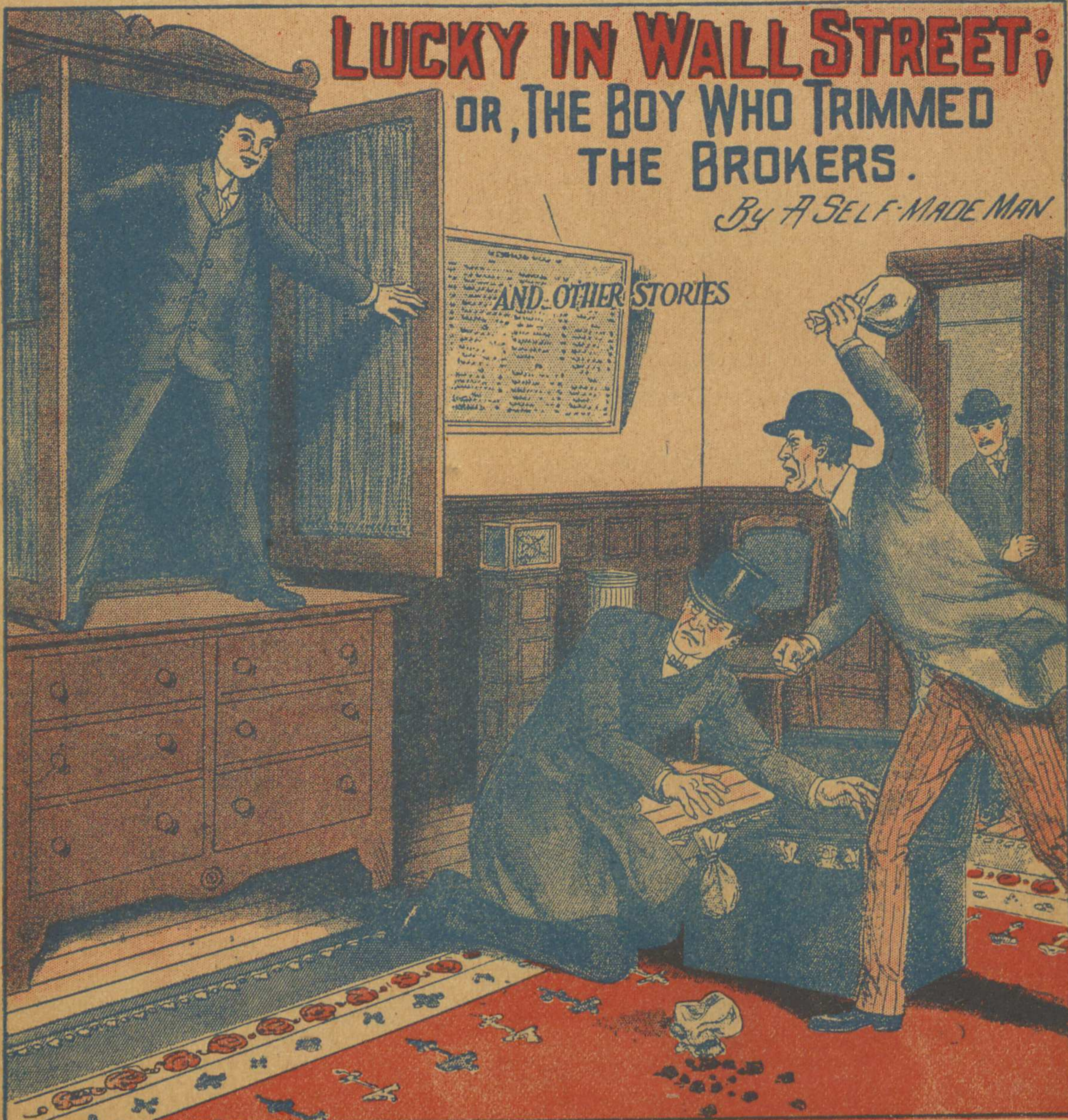
Price 8 Cents

FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

LUCKY IN WALL STREET; OR, THE BOY WHO TRIMMED THE BROKERS.

By A SELF-MADE MAN



As the pair of rascally brokers uttered exclamations of rage at the discovery that the bags contained coal instead of golden nuggets, Bob Carson banged open the doors of the bookcase and confronted them with a grin on his face.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1926

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LUCKY IN WALL STREET

OR, THE BOY WHO TRIMMED THE BROKERS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Bob Carson's Debut in Wall Street.

"Is Mr. Littleby in?" asked a well-dressed, bright-looking boy who had just stepped into the waiting-room of Littleby & Mallison, stock brokers, No. — Wall Street.

"Yes," replied a dapper young man, with a pen behind his ear and a bunch of papers in his hand, eyeing the boy sharply.

"I should like to see him," replied the boy.

"Who are you from?" asked the clerk.

"From nobody. I was told that this firm needed a messenger, so——"

"Who told you we needed a messenger?" asked the young man brusquely.

"Mr. Wade, cashier of Boothby & Co."

"And you have come after the position, eh?"

"I have."

"I don't know whether Mr. Littleby or Mr. Mallison has hired a boy or not. I'll tell Mr. Littleby that you are here looking for the position. What's your name?"

"Bob Carson."

"Wait till I come back."

The clerk, whose name was Walter Titus, disappeared into Mr. Littleby's private room. He returned presently without the bunch of papers and told the boy to enter the room. Mr. Littleby, a smooth-faced, foxy-looking gentleman of average build, was seated at his desk making figures on a sheet of paper when the applicant for the messenger's job entered and stood respectfully near by waiting for the broker to take notice of his presence. The trader took his time and it was several minutes before he looked up. Then he did so suddenly.

"Well, young man," he said, taking in the boy from head to foot.

"I called to see if you had got a messenger yet or not," said the lad respectfully.

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody sent me, sir. Mr. Wade, Boothby & Co's cashier, told me that I might find an opening here."

"Oh, he did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is Mr. Wade a friend of yours?"

"No, sir."

"Then how came he to tell you that we needed a messenger?"

"Well, sir, Boothby & Co. advertised for a messenger, and I called there to try and get the position. I was too late, for they had hired a boy. Then Mr. Wade, the gentleman I saw there, suggested that I had better call on you, as he had heard you wanted a messenger, too."

"Oh, that was it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Robert Carson."

"Worked in Wall Street before?"

"No, sir."

"Then you've had no experience——"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"I was three years with Bates, Munyon & Co., stock brokers, of No. — Devonshire Street, Boston."

"How came you to leave them?"

"They went out of business."

"When?"

"A month ago."

"What brought you to New York? Parents move here?"

"No, sir. I have no parents."

"No parents, eh? Who are you living with?"

"My aunt. She's a widow and lives in the Bronx."

"What reference have you?"

"I can refer you to Mr. Bates or Mr. Edwards, of the late firm of Bates, Munyon & Co., of Boston. Here is a letter of recommendation from Mr. Bates," and the boy laid an envelope on the broker's desk.

Mr. Littleby pulled out the enclosure and read a recommendation headed, "To whom it may concern." The letter stated that Robert Carson had been three years in the employ of the firm of Bates, Munyon & Co., and during that time had conducted himself in a way to win the entire satisfaction of the firm as a bright and capable employee. The writer recommended him to any broker in need of an efficient messenger or junior clerk.

"Hum!" said Mr. Littleby. "You are not acquainted with the financial district of this city, I assume?"

"I have been down here for nearly two weeks looking for a position, sir, and I have managed to get pretty well acquainted with Wall Street in that time."

"Do you know where the principal office buildings are?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Littleby catechised him a bit on the subject and found that he was not at all ignorant of the district. The broker was pleased with his personal appearance and his aptness and told him he'd give him a trial.

"If you make good we'll keep you. Are you ready to start in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come with me."

He took Bob into the counting-room and introduced him to the cashier.

"I'm going to give him a trial for the rest of the week, Mr. Jones. It strikes me that he'll give satisfaction. Take his name and address. He will begin right away."

Ten minutes later Bob was given a note to take to a broker in the Vanderpool Building in Exchange Place. He was back again with an answer in record time.

"Take it in to Mr. Mallison," said the cashier.

"Mr. Littleby has gone to the Exchange."

So Bob took the envelope he had brought back with him into Mr. Mallison's room. Mr. Mallison was the senior member of the firm in age. He was a stout man of above the average height, also smoothly shaven. He had rather a shifty eye, and a hard look, and Bob wasn't particularly taken with him. Mr. Mallison looked at the boy abruptly as he took the note.

"Are you the boy Mr. Littleby hired as messenger?" he asked in an aggressive way.

"Yes, sir."

"Your name is——"

"Robert Carson."

"Humph! Come from Boston, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see your letter of recommendation."

Bob handed it to him and he read it.

"You're only on trial, you know. If we like you we'll keep you; otherwise not."

Bob nodded.

"That's all. I'll ring for you if I want you."

The boy returned to his seat in the waiting-room and took up a copy of the "Wall Street Argus" to while away the interval until he was wanted.

CHAPTER II.—Bob Gets in on the Market.

During the five days of that week Bob proved so satisfactory that Mr. Littleby told him that he might regard his position as permanent. By that time the boy found out that Littleby & Mallison did not enjoy the whole confidence of the Street. He picked up his information piecemeal from different messenger boys with whom he became acquainted. Littleby & Mallison had the reputation of being sharp and not over-scrupulous traders. They were always laying traps for somebody, in which they caught a victim now and then, and when they got anyone where the hair was short they squeezed him without any compunction. Many traps in turn were spread for them, but it was seldom they got caught. While Bob would have preferred that the firm he was working for had a higher standing among the brokers, still he argued that it wasn't his business how Mr. Littleby and Mr. Mallison con-

ducted their affairs. Bob was soon on speaking terms with the clerks and the pretty stenographer, Miss Nannie Bachelor.

All but Walter Titus assumed a friendly attitude toward him. Titus, who was quite a dude, thought it beneath his dignity to notice the young messenger, except on matters of business, when he would address Bob in a lofty and supercilious way. It wasn't long before Bob saw that Titus was sweet on Miss Bachelor, and it was equally clear that the stenographer was not particularly impressed by the margin clerk. One morning when Bob was waiting at the Exchange to deliver a note to Mr. Littleby he heard a couple of messengers speaking about a certain stock that was rising in the market.

"If I had \$50 I'd back it quicker than a wink," said one of them in a tone that showed he meant what he said.

"How do you know that it will go any higher than it is now?" asked his friend.

"Oh, I've got a tip on it."

"Who gave you the tip?"

"A broker I done a favor for."

"How high did he say it would go?"

"You won't say anything to anybody if I tell you?"

"Of course not."

"Honor bright?"

"Yes."

"He said it would go to 80."

"What is it at now?"

"Sixty-two."

"Eighteen dollars a share."

"Yes. If I had \$50 I'd go to the Nassau Street Banking & Brokerage Company and buy five shares. I could make nearly \$100 profit out of it."

"Couldn't you borrow \$50?"

"Me borrow \$50! Who'd lend it to me?"

That was a posed his friend couldn't answer.

"If you can't get the money you'll be out of it," he said.

"That's right. It's a shame, for it would be just like finding money."

Just then Littleby came to the rail and took Bob's note. He read it and dismissed his messenger with a nod. Bob went away thinking of the stock the boys had been talking about. It was a gilt-edge security known as L. & M.

"I've a great mind to take advantage of that boy's tip myself," thought Bob. "I've got between \$500 and \$600 I made in Boston out of the market, and it's lying idle. I've just been waiting for a good chance to add to it. I think this will be just the thing. L. & M. looks pretty good. It's gone up a point this morning since the Exchange opened. I wish I had my money down here, I'd put it up and take the chances. Well, I can bring it down tomorrow. Maybe that will be time enough to take advantage of the tip."

Along about noon, when he was in the counting-room, he heard Walter Titus and one of the other clerks talking about the same stock. From the margin clerk's conversation Bob judged that he was working the market right along with pretty good success. His idea about L. & M. was that it would go to 70 at least, and he said he was going to buy 25 shares of it when he went to lunch. Later in the day Bob heard a group of brokers discussing L. & M. and the probabili-

ties of a further rise in the price. One broker thought that a pool was trying to boom it, but wouldn't assert that as a positive fact. One or two thought the price was sure of getting up into the seventies, the rest were of the opinion that it might take a drop at any moment.

Next morning Bob brought \$500 downtown and when he got the chance that morning he went around to the little bank on Nassau Street and put it up as margin on 50 shares of L. & M. at 63. To his great satisfaction the stock went up \$2 a share that day, closing at 65. It was up another dollar at noon next day, and Bob was quite tickled over it. At half-past twelve there was a lull in the office. Most of the clerks went to lunch, and a couple of other stenographers came in with their parcels to eat with Miss Bachelor, as they often did, for she had a small electric heater which she could attach to the electric light wire and heat tea or coffee on it.

"Won't you take lunch with us, Bob?" asked Miss Bachelor, looking into the waiting-room.

"Thanks," replied the boy, "but I don't want to rob you."

"Oh, we have more than enough for ourselves. Do come in. I want to introduce you to my friends, anyway."

So Bob was induced to go into the stenographer's little den where Nannie made him acquainted with Miss Peters and Miss Pratt, who both worked on that floor. The girls had seen Bob several times and had been aching for an introduction.

"Mr. Carson is from Boston," explained Nannie as she poured out the tea.

The girls smiled and Miss Peters asked him if Boston was a nice place to live.

"Bang-up," replied the young messenger, accepting a tongue sandwich from Miss Pratt.

"I suppose New York seems strange to you yet," said Miss Peters.

"Oh, I'm getting used to it fast. This town is a heap livelier than the Hub, and I wouldn't care to go back there."

"I suppose you left a number of broken-hearted young ladies there," laughed Miss Pratt, with a coquettish glance at him.

"Not that I'm aware of," grinned Bob. "I knew quite a number of girls there, but the New York girls that I've met beat them all hollow."

"I suppose we ought to take that as a compliment, Bob," smiled Nannie.

"You can if you want to. I'm bound to say that you three young ladies are by long odds the most charming I've ever got acquainted with in my life."

"Oh!" screamed the girls in chorus.

"You know that you're just trying to jolly us," said Miss Peters.

"Jolly you!" replied Bob with an innocent look. "I wouldn't think of doing that. I simply couldn't help telling the truth, that's all."

Miss Peters and Miss Pratt looked particularly pleased at the compliment. Nannie, however, knew that Bob was just throwing a bouquet, and she shook her finger at him.

"This is fine tea, all right," remarked Bob.

"I'm glad you like it," replied Nannie.

"Oh, I like everything you make, you do it so well."

"Oh!" cried the two visitors again, feeling rather jealous of Miss Bachelor, who seemed to

have the inside track with the young messenger.

"Thank you, Bob. You said that very nice," answered Nannie with an arch smile. "As this is the first thing you've ever tasted that I made how can you make such a sweeping assertion?"

"The tea is so good that it is easy to judge that whatever else you make must be equally first-class."

"That doesn't follow, Bob."

"Doesn't it? I'll bet you made this biscuit."

"How much will you bet?"

"A dollar."

"You're reckless with your money. However, I'll have to admit that I did make it."

"I knew it. It melts in my mouth. If I were looking for a wife I'd try to get you, and then I'd keep you busy making duplicates of this biscuit."

"Would you expect your wife to do nothing but make biscuits for you?" asked Miss Peters.

"Oh, no. I'd expect her to dress up and look pretty most of the time."

"That would be easy for some girls."

"Yes, you three, for instance, wouldn't have much trouble in looking pretty, for it strikes me you are doing that every day."

"Oh!" screamed the visiting stenographers once more.

"Bob," said Nannie, with mock solemnity, "you mustn't fill these young ladies' heads with such compliments. They don't know you as well as I do."

"You don't know anything bad of me, do you?" grinned the boy.

"Of course not. What a ridiculous question."

"You know I always tell the truth, don't you?"

"Yes; but you know you're an awful jollier, just the same."

"Did you ever hear me jolly you?"

"You haven't been doing anything but jolly the three of us since you came into my den."

"Gee! But that's a fierce reputation you're giving me. I guess I'd better retire before you throw me out."

"Oh, we couldn't let you go so soon," laughed Miss Pratt. "You're awfully entertaining."

"Thanks. I'm glad somebody appreciates me."

The four young people continued to chat merrily together until their lunch time was up, when the visitors withdrew after expressing the hope that they would have the pleasure of seeing Bob soon again. That afternoon L. & M. closed at 67. Two days later it was up to 70, and the brokers were beginning to take a great deal of interest in it. Under the impression that a boom was on the tapis the traders started in to buy it right and left. Then the fact developed that there wasn't enough on the market to go around. That discovery sent the price to 75 at a bound. The newspapers had been calling the public's attention to the stock, and now they printed articles in their financial columns indicating that a boom was really on in L. & M. Orders from outside speculators for the stock helped the price still higher, and eight days from the time Bob bought his 50 shares the stock was going at 82 3-8. At that figure he sold out, clearing a profit of \$950.

"That's more than two years' wages as a messenger," he said to himself, after figuring out the amount of his winnings. "New York is the place to make money after all, and Wall Street is the right locality to do it in. I suppose my bosses

would put up a stiff kick if they knew I was monkeying with the market, but it isn't likely they'll ever hear anything about it. I'm sure I'm not going to tell them, and there is nobody but the margin clerk at the bank to give me away, and he's not telling on the bank's customers. I must buy Nannie Bachelor a box of candy on this, and my aunt a new dress and hat to match. I tell you a fellow feels finer than silk when he's on the right side of the market."

CHAPTER III.—Mr. Mallison Has a Visitor Who Means Business.

When Bob got home that afternoon he handed his aunt a five-dollar bill and two tens.

"Heres' a present for you, aunty," he said. "I want you to get yourself a new dress and a new hat."

"Dear me, Bob, where did you get all that money?" she asked in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you that I brought \$550 with me from Boston?"

"I forget whether you did or not. Do you really wish me to use this money on myself?"

"Of course I do. Didn't I say so?"

"I am very much obliged to you, Bob."

"Don't mention it."

Next morning he brought Nannie Bachelor a pound box of the best chocolates.

"I heard that you have a sweet tooth, Nannie. Here's something to feed it with," he said, laying the package on her desk.

"Why, what is this—candy?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Surest thing in the world."

"Dear me, how extravagant you are!"

"Yes, I was born so, and can't help it."

"You're awfully good, Bob," she said, opening the box.

"Oh, that's just a small evidence of my appreciation of the lunch you treated me to the other day."

"Dear me, that was hardly more than a bite."

"There was quality, if not quantity to it. I can taste that biscuit yet. You must be a fine cook."

"I can cook a little," she replied with a smile. "Mother taught me how."

"Well, the next time you make a batch of those biscuits don't forget to bring me one. They're out of sight."

"I'll bring you half a dozen," she replied, pleased with Bob's appreciation of her cooking.

"Thanks. I won't do a thing to them. Well, I must get back to my post, or the cashier might think I haven't got down yet."

Ten minutes later Bob was out on the street with two messages to deliver. Business was rushing and he didn't have much time to rest himself before three o'clock. Half an hour before the Exchange closed he was seated in his chair when a big man entered the office and asked for Mr. Mallison.

"He's in. What name shall I say?"

"Never mind my name, sonny. Just tell him a gentleman wishes to see him."

Bob carried the message to Mr. Mallison.

"What does he want?" asked the broker.

"He didn't say, sir," replied Bob.

"Well, go and ask him his business. I have no time to waste on—"

The broker got no further, for the stranger walked into the room at that moment.

"Hello, Mallison!" he said. "I'll take a seat if it's all the same to you."

"Oh, it's you, Singleton, is it?" replied the broker, scowling at the man.

"Yes, it's me, all right. You can go, bub," he added to Bob.

Bob retired.

"What do you want?" growled Mr. Mallison.

"I want what's coming to me," replied the visitor, throwing one leg across the other.

"What in thunder do you mean?" demanded the broker.

"I mean just what I said. You got me into a tight hole awhile ago and cleaned me out down to bedrock. I just found out that you rung in a cold deck on me, so I came around to make you ante up the money you and your partners skinned me out of."

"Are you crazy, Singleton?" roared Mr. Mallison.

"Not that I'm aware of," replied the man coolly. "I bought 1,000 shares of A. & B. of you on the usual margin. I put up \$10,000 to hold it. The stock went down seven points on the market. Very good. I don't find no fault with that. But it didn't really go any further, yet next day you reported me sold out."

"Why, the stock dropped four points in ten minutes, making you in debt to us something over \$1,000, which you haven't paid."

"Yes, so it appeared from the quotations on the tape," replied the visitor; "but who was responsible for those quotations?"

"How should I know?" growled Mr. Mallison impatiently.

"Oh, you don't know anything about it, eh?"

"Of course not."

"Haven't the least idea that your partner Littleby arranged a number of wash sales with Boothby & Co. to clean me out?" replied the visitor sarcastically.

"Wash sales!" roared Mr. Mallison. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, I don't believe I could. Well, I have evidence that the sales were put through by Littleby, your partner, and Anderson of Boothby & Co. The object was to get a low quotation on the tape so that you could gobble up my \$10,000. You've done that trick before on other people. That's one way you make money. Let me say that for a low-down skin game it's about the limit."

"If you came in here to insult me, Singleton, you'd better go before I call somebody to put you out," said the broker red with anger.

"I'll go as soon as you hand over my \$10,000 in cash," replied the visitor.

"If you don't get out of here right away I'll 'phone for an officer."

"I don't think you will." Mr. Mallison's hand glided over to the electric button on his desk.

"No you don't, Mr. Mallison," said the visitor, grabbing his wrist with one hand and drawing a revolver and pressing it against the broker's temple with the other. "I want \$10,000, and I want it quick. Ante up, or, by thunder, I'll blow your roof off, and shoot myself afterward!" The tone and attitude of the man showed that he meant business, and Mr. Mallison turned deathly pale. The trader was not anxious to take a sud-

den and painful departure from this world, neither did he feel like yielding up \$10,000.

Nevertheless the choice of the two evils was forced on him. He would have given a whole lot if his partner had suddenly stepped into his room at that moment, or even if his young messenger had opened the door. Nothing of the kind happened, however, and the broker breathed hard.

"What are you going to do, Mallison?" asked the visitor. "I shouldn't think you'd hesitate a moment. Ten thousand dollars isn't much for you to pay for your life."

"You've no right to hold me up at the point of a revolver. It's a felony," said the broker.

"No, it isn't. I'm only asking you to make good the money you skinned me out of."

"You were skinned out of nothing."

"I've done all the arguing I'm going to do. I came here to get my money or—your life. You can take your choice, and I'll give you a minute to make up your mind on the subject."

"All right," replied Mr. Mallison, apparently yielding to the inevitable, "I'll write a check for the sum you want."

"I have no use for your check. I want the money in good bills."

"All right. I'll go and get it from my cashier."

"No, you won't. Think I'm a fool to let you out of my sight?"

"But I haven't got the money about me," said Mr. Mallison. "Do you suppose I carry so large a sum around in my clothes?"

"No. Ring for your boy and tell him to get the money from the cashier. If you give him the slightest hint how matters stand I'll shoot you down quicker than a wink and will afterward put a ball into my own head so that I'll meet you beside the River Styx, and old man Charon will ferry us over together."

Mr. Mallison shuddered at the cool, determined manner of the man who held him in his power, and saw that he'd have to pay the money to save himself.

"As my cashier may not have so much money on hand I'll draw a check for \$10,000 payable to my own order, and send it to the bank by my messenger to get it cashed." The visitor looked at the clock. It wanted six minutes of three.

"You'd better lose no time about it, then," he said. "The bank will close in six minutes. If you fail to get the money something will happen." The broker hastily drew his pocket book toward him, filled out a check for \$10,000 payable to "Cash," and tapped his bell. The visitor concealed his revolver, but kept his eye on Mr. Mallison.

"Remember," he hissed, "if you give the slightest sign to your boy I'll kill you like a dog." As the last word left his lips Bob entered the room.

"Bob," said the broker, "take this check to the bank in double-quick time, get the money and bring it in here. You've got less than five minutes to reach the bank before it closes, so get a hustle on."

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, taking the check and hastily leaving the room.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob's Chase of Singleton.

Bob got back with the money in twelve minutes. He rushed into Mr. Mallison's private room and handed it to him.

"Count it, Mr. Mallison, and see if it's all right," he said.

"You needn't wait, bub," said the visitor impatiently. Bob, however, didn't budge. He was not taking directions from strange people. He noticed that his employer's hands trembled as he began to count the money.

"I said you could go," said Singleton, savagely, to the boy.

"I'll take my orders from Mr. Mallison, not from strangers," replied Bob calmly.

"Tell him to get out, Mallison," said the visitor in a tense voice.

"You can go, Bob," said the broker in such a shaky tone, that the boy looked at him hard, and then noticed how white and agitated he was.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, moving toward the door, not quite satisfied with the situation. He closed the door after him and started for his chair.

"I wonder if there's any thing wrong in there?" he asked himself. "Things look a bit queer. I guess that chap is turning the screws on the boss about something. Got him in a hole over some deal. That would account for—what's that?" Bob heard something that sounded like a groan and then a fall. On the spur of the moment he sprang back for the private room door. It opened in his face and Singleton came rushing out. A collision between the boy and the visitor was inevitable and both went down on the floor. The package of bills flew from the visitor's grasp.

"Confound you, boy!" roared Singleton. "Take that!" He struck Bob in the face and jumped to his feet. Bob, though partially dazed by the blow, grabbed the man by the leg and he fell on his face as he was reaching for the bills.

"What does this mean?" demanded the voice of Mr. Littleby. He had just returned from the Exchange and was astonished to see what seemed to be a scrap going on in the waiting-room. The cashier and one of the clerks, attracted by the disturbance, ran out of the counting-room. Singleton kicked out furiously in an effort to release his leg from Bob's hold. Just then Littleby happened to glance into his partner's private room and saw Mallison's head lying across the back of his swivel chair, and the blood running from a wound on his forehead where the visitor had struck the broker with the butt of his revolver in order to keep him from giving the alarm after he had left the room. Littleby at once suspected foul play.

"Don't let that man get away," he said to his cashier, as he ran inside to his partner. There was little danger of Singleton getting away owing to Bob's grasp. The cashier and Titus laid hold of Singleton's arms, and for a few minutes there was uproar to burn in the waiting-room. Then the visitor was overcome. Bob released his leg and got up.

"Get some water, Bob, quick!" said Littleby in an excited voice. Bob ran into the lavatory and got a tumbler of water. Littleby took it and began to bathe his partner's face, and wipe the blood away from the wound.

"Know anything about this trouble, Bob?" asked Littleby.

"No, sir. I didn't see anything wrong, though I suspected all was not right."

"Suspected, eh? What aroused your suspicions?" Bob told him. Littleby stepped to the

door and looked at the still struggling visitor. Then he recognized him as Singleton.

"Fetch him in here," he said to the cashier. Singleton renewed his efforts to get away and succeeded in planting a heavy blow on the margin clerk's right eye, knocking him down. Then he grabbed the cashier, swung him around and threw him against Littleby. Snatching up the package of bills from the floor he started for the door leading into the corridor. Bob was after him like a flash and caught him just as he reached the head of the stairs.

In the struggle that ensued both lost their balance and went rolling down the steps. They came to a stop at the turn, and the fight between them was renewed. Singleton was a strong man, and he was desperate. Bob, however, clung to him with the tenacity of a bulldog. The racket began to attract notice among the people passing in the corridor below.

The cashier also came on the scene and started to take a hand in the scrap. Singleton was not easily downed. He succeeded in shaking off both Bob and the cashier and dashed for the corridor below where the elevator stood open. Singleton dived into the cage just as the man started to close the gate, alighting on his hands and feet on the floor. Bob arrived at the elevator just as the cage disappeared downward. Another cage came down a moment later and Bob stopped it.

"Getting in, he was whirled to the ground floor, reaching it just in time to see Singleton vanishing through the main entrance into Wall Street. Bob lost not a moment in continuing the pursuit. He saw Singleton getting into a cab thirty feet away. He rushed after it and succeeded catching on to the rear of the vehicle, where he clung like a leach as it drove up toward Broadway. His action naturally attracted notice.

"Whip behind!" shouted a small messenger boy to the driver. The cabman did not pay an attention to the hail and kept on. At the corner of Broadway the cab slowed up to get out of the way of an express wagon. Bob jumped down, rushed to the door of the slowly moving vehicle, turned the handle, and pulling the door open sprang inside and grabbed the astonished Singleton. A dozen people saw the action and gazed after he cab as it dashed up Broadway with the door open, and Bob and Singleton in each other's embrace.

"You young monkey!" roared Singleton. "Let me go."

"Not on your life!" replied the young messenger.

Exerting all his strength, he jabbed the man's head against the glass of the opposite door. There was a crash of glass, and the cabman looked around. He saw that there was trouble in his vehicle and reined in. Passersby on the street were also attracted by the sight of two persons fighting in the cab and a crowd soon collected.

"Here, here!" cried the driver, coming to the door of his vehicle. "This won't do."

He reached out and seized Bob. Singleton, with the back of his head bleeding, pushed the boy away from him. Then he opened the other door, stepped out into the street and hopped aboard a passing car.

"Let me go!" roared Bob, seeing that Singleton was making his escape.

He shook the cabby off, sprang out of the other door and started after the car which was going uptown. Singleton left the car at the corner of Pine and dashed bareheaded and bleeding down that street. Bob followed him fifty yards behind. Quite a number of persons followed after Bob. Some excited individual shouted "Stop thief!" and the cry was taken up by others. Although a score of persons might have headed Singleton off before he reached Nassau Street, nobody interfered with the chase. Bob, however, gained on Singleton and was only thirty feet behind him when he turned into Nassau Street. The man took to the centre of the narrow thoroughfare and Bob did likewise. A big crowd was now following Bob, who was close on Singleton's heels.

The boy was almost within reaching distance of the man when the fellow suddenly sprang for the sidewalk. He struck the handle of an Italian's fruit wagon, drawn up alongside the curb, and over went the wagon right in Bob's way. In a moment the young messenger was floundering in the midst of the upset cart and its contents. Singleton, seeing his advantage, ran into a narrow office entrance and rushed up the well-worn stairs. Bob, pretty well out of breath, extricated himself from the wreck of the wagon, and avoiding the grasp of the angry Italian, who wanted to hold him responsible for the ruin caused by Singleton, followed his quarry into the office building. Singleton had got as far as the first landing when Bob caught a fleeting glance of him, and up the boy went as fast as he could go. There was no elevator in the building, for it was an old-fashioned four-story edifice, long since out of date. Singleton continued straight up the three flights, but neither he nor Bob made rapid progress, as both were pretty well exhausted.

When Bob staggered on to the top corridor, Singleton had disappeared. There were three doors on the floor, and thinking the man had taken refuge in one of the offices, Bob tried the doors in turn, only to find all of them locked. The small window at the rear of the corridor was half open and the boy looked out of it. He saw Singleton had taken a desperate chance to escape. The man had stood up on the sill, reached for the iron gutter pipe and was now close to the waste pipe at the end of the building. Apparently he meant to slide down that precarious route. While Bob was watching him he reached the pipe, but instead of grasping it and lowering himself to the narrow back yard below he swung one leg up on the adjoining room, which was two feet lower than that of the building he had left, and by a muscular effort followed with his body and disappeared.

CHAPTER V.—How Bob Captures Singleton and Increases His Capital.

"My gracious! Hes' got a great nerve," thought Bob. "I've got to follow or lose him. I don't know that I'm paid to risk my life, but if the gutter is strong enough to hold a heavy man like him it ought to hold me. Well, here goes. I can't let the fellow outwit me after all the trouble I've had trying to catch him."

Boy swung himself out of the window and commenced his perilous passage of the gutter just as the advance guard of persons following him reached the window. Bob, hanging by his hands alone, fifty feet from the ground, made his way along the gutter as fast as he dared. Reaching the waste pipe he swung himself up on the next roof as he had seen Singleton do. It was much easier for him to accomplish the trick, as he was as active as a young monkey. When he rolled over on the roof he looked around for Singleton, but couldn't see any trace of the man.

"I'm afraid he's got away after all," he breathed, much disappointed.

At that moment he saw a figure six buildings away kneeling beside a scuttle, apparently trying to open it.

"I'll bet that's him," thought Bob.

He started over the roofs at a lively pace, and was soon satisfied that the man was Singleton. The fellow found he could not open the scuttle and got up. The next building was the corner one, and as he started for that he saw Bob coming toward him. He lost no time springing for the last scuttle in that row. As he stooped to try it Bob was close upon him. The scuttle, however, wasn't secured, and Singleton, throwing it open, jumped down. He missed his footing on the ladder in his rush and fell to the floor, landing in a heap. When Bob looked down he saw him lying there motionless.

"That's the time he got it in the neck. His hash is settled now for sure," said the boy to himself as he slipped down the ladder and stopped beside the senseless man.

The package of money was sticking out of Singleton's side pocket and Bob took possession of it.

"I guess he won't be able to get away for some time," thought the boy. "I'll have time enough to go down to the street and get a policeman to take charge of him."

There was quite a crowd standing around the doorway of the building that Singleton and Bob had entered in the first place. Bob decided not to go there. He walked into the corner store and asked permission to use the telephone to communicate with the police. He was granted the privilege and was soon talking to the man in charge of the station. Two officers were sent to meet Bob and take Singleton into custody.

When they arrived the boy guided them up to the top floor where the man lay still unconscious. The policeman dragged him down to the sidewalk, shoved him into an express wagon standing near, and the whole party drove to Littleby & Mallison's office in Wall Street. By that time Singleton had come to his senses. He was marched to the elevator and taken to the office. Mr. Mallison had long since been brought to his senses and was talking to his partner when Bob, the officer and their prisoner arrived. The brokers had communicated with the police, but they were surprised to see Bob walk in with the news that he had captured Singleton, for they supposed that he had gone home.

"I don't know whether this money rightfully belongs to the man or not," said Bob, laying the package on Mr. Mallison's desk; "but I took it from him in suspicion that he might have come by it wrongfully. The man and two policemen

are in the room outside. The officers want to know what the charge is against the prisoner."

"Tell them to fetch him in here," said Littleby.

After the policeman had brought Singleton into the room they were asked to retire to the waiting-room while the brokers interviewed the prisoner privately. Bob walked into the counting-room and told all hands how he had chased and captured the man whose name he now learned was Singleton, a former customer of the house, who had been sold out on a sudden slump in the stock he was holding for a rise. Bob was complimented upon his long chase, and his daring passage of the iron gutter pipe, but for which Singleton must have escaped. Walter Titus' eye was beginning to show signs of discoloration, and it would probably be a dandy black optic by the next morning. Nannie Bachelor shuddered when Bob told her about the way he trusted his life to the gutter pipe.

"What a rash boy you are!" she exclaimed. "If that pipe had given way you probably would have been killed."

"It didn't give way under Singleton, and I'm many pounds lighter than him," replied the young messenger. "I wouldn't have caught him if I hadn't risked the trip."

"I don't like to hear about you taking such chances," she said.

"Oh, I guess we all take worse chances in the streets every day if we only knew it. What, with automobiles, live electric wires, and one thing or another, no one can tell when they leave home in the morning whether they'll get back again at night. I tell you times aren't what they used to be when stages were running on Broadway."

"What do you know about stages on Broadway?" laughed Nannie. "They stopped running before you and I were born. Besides, you're a Bostonian and not a native of little old New York."

"Oh, I merely referred in a general way to the times when stages ran in this city to kind of emphasize my statement that times were not so strenuous anywhere in those days. Stages and horse cars didn't run people down like the trolley roads do now with their rapid transit speed. Everything is on the rush now, and the public has to keep on the hop, skip and jump to avoid trouble."

In the meantime the interview between Singleton and the two brokers resulted in a settlement of the trouble between themselves. Each of the officers received a \$10 bill for their trouble, and were told what report to make at the station. Singleton also received some money in settlement of his alleged claim, and thus the exciting incident was closed. Mr. Littleby called Bob into his office and handed him a \$100 bill for his unusual services, and he was directed to say nothing further about it. A reporter who came around in quest of information was choked off by Littleby, who told him that the incident really amounted to nothing. As nothing appeared on the police blotter, of course there was no groundwork on which to build a story of facts. Bob had his own opinion of the whole affair, and it only conformed his private estimate of the firm for which he was working. He heard more than one pair of brokers talking about "that mysterious affair at Littleby & Mallison's," and the general feeling in the

Street was not favorable toward the firm of brokers.

"I'm thinking there's a good bit of sharp practice done in our office," he said to himself. "If there are any foxier traders in Wall Street than my bosses I'd like to know who they are. I wish I was working for somebody else. I hate to have the other messengers kidding me about Littleby & Mallison. They make no bones about calling them skins. A decent fellow doesn't like to work for a house with a shady reputation. It gives him a kind of black eye. People judge you by the company you are in. Well, I suppose I can't afford to quit till I find something better."

Nothing happened for several weeks to vary the usual run of Bob's experience in Wall Street. He kept his eye on the ticker whenever the chance was his, and that was either in the morning when he first reached the office, or just before he left for home in the afternoon after the customers had departed. He also read all the Wall Street news in the financial and other daily papers, and was always in close touch with business in the district. One morning he was sent with a note to a broker named Thompson in the Mills Building. While waiting to see the trader, who was very busy at the time, Bob overheard two well-dressed men talking about a pool that was forming to boom S. & T. shares. They didn't seem to notice the boy, who was the only person near them, and they went on talking in low tones about the matter.

Bob soon discovered that one more man was needed to complete the pool and that the two gentlemen had called for the purpose of interesting Broker Thompson in the scheme. The young messenger heard enough to convince him that S. & T. stock was a good thing to own about that time. So next morning he brought his \$1,500 downtown and left an order at the little bank for the purchase of 150 shares at the market, which was 72. A week later S. & T. began to get a move on, and in a few days was going at 80. Then the brokers took notice of the fact that a certain trader was buying all he could get of it at the Exchange. That made them think it had been depressed for speculative purposes, and they began buying every share they could find. Thousands of shares were dealt in during the succeeding week and the price went to 90. Bob thought it about time for him to sell out, though indications pointed to a continued rise to par. He told the margin clerk to have his 150 shares sold at the market in the morning.

"All right," replied the clerk. "I'll attend to it. It closed at 95, but may open a point higher from the look of things, which will be in your favor."

Next morning Bob watched for the opening quotation and saw that it was 95 3-4. Basing his profits on that he figured out that he had cleared \$3,500 on the deal.

"That makes me worth \$5,000. I haven't done so bad since I came to New York," he said in a tone of satisfaction. "If I keep on at that rate I may yet die a millionaire. I wonder how it feels to be worth a million? A fellow could go abroad and see all the wonders of the world on a good deal less than that. In fact, you could do that and live well on the interest alone of a million dollars. Just to think, some of these money kings down here think nothing of making a mil-

lion or two in a day. I know that one big banker formed a syndicate and bought \$50,000,000 worth of city bonds, and the difference between what he paid for the bonds and what he afterward sold them for in small lots netted him about \$7,000,000. You can nearly always make money with money if you're smart. And the more money you have at hand the more you can make. I'll be able to increase my wad faster on \$5,000 than I could if it was only \$500. That is, if things go the right way, of course. If they should happen to go the wrong way, then I'm likely to go flat broke."

CHAPTER VI.—Bob Has a Run-in With Walter Titus.

Bob often accepted an invitation from Nannie Bachelor to eat lunch with her and her friends, Miss Peters and Miss Pratt. The girls liked Bob's free-and-easy ways immensely, because he never got fresh with them, and was always gentlemanly in his conduct, and considerate of their feelings. He had a knack of giving them sly shots that tickled them greatly. Another person trying to imitate Bob's tactics might have offended them. Bob always repaid the girls for their hospitality in candy, or flowers, or some little thing he knew would please them. Altogether he was pretty solid with them. Walter Titus sometimes came back from his own lunch while the girls were still eating theirs.

He always butted in without even waiting to be asked. He had the idea that he was irresistible with the girls—not Miss Bachelor and her two friends in particular, but all girls. He was a good-looking fellow, and he knew it. In his opinion all the girls he met were dying to make his acquaintance, while those who had the honor of knowing him were striving to win a smile from him. In his attempt to fascinate Nannie Bachelor his self-esteem was subjected to several rude shocks. She refused to accept candy or flowers from him, though she accepted both from Bob; but then there was a whole lot of difference in the way Titus and Bob offered the presents. Bob presented the candy or flowers in an offhand way that left no feeling of obligation on the part of the recipient; while on the other hand Titus showed that his purpose was to impress the girl with his importance and make her feel that she owed him a favor in return. One day Titus came in while Bob was eating with the girls. The four were having a high old time, and the margin clerk felt that he ought to be included in the good time, too. He felt jealous of Bob because he knew that the young messenger was well up in the good graces of the office stenographer.

"Well, young ladies, you seem to be enjoying yourselves," he said with one of his most fetching smiles.

The girls barely glanced at him, and paid very little attention to his speech. Bob was telling them a funny story at the time and they were listening to him. Titus didn't relish the scanty notice they gave him. He thought they ought to have taken their hats off to him at once. Bob seemed to be the whole thing with the girls and Titus objected to it.

"What are you doing in here, Carson?" he growled, interrupting the story.

"Eating my lunch," grinned Bob.

"I wasn't aware that you brought your lunch downtown."

"I don't bring it. Today I accepted an invitation from these young ladies to eat with them, and you now behold me polishing off the last scrap."

"I suppose you are congratulating yourself on having saved fifteen cents," said Titus sneeringly.

"That's where your'e mistaken, Mr. Titus. I'm congratulating myself on having saved two or three dollars."

"Two or three dollars!"

"You can't get a light repast in Delmonico's for much less."

"Delmonico's! Have you been telling these young ladies that you lunch at Delmonico's?"

"No. But this lunch suits me as well as a Delmonico lunch."

"What do you know about a Delmonico lunch?" sniffed Titus.

"I've heard you can get tip-top things there. Ever lunch at that establishment yourself?"

"I should say I have," replied the margin clerk pompously.

"I guess I'll have to take it in some time," laughed Bob.

"They don't let boys like you the dining-room."

"How do you know they don't?"

"Because boys couldn't pay the price."

"That doesn't apply to me. I'm a small capitalist."

"A mighty small one, I guess," snorted Titus. "There's your bell now. Run along, sonny. The young ladies can dispense with your society."

"I guess it's time for us to go, too," said Miss Peters, looking at Miss Pratt.

"Don't hurry, young ladies," said the dude clerk. "You're welcome to remain as long as you wish. In fact, I might say that your presence here is like a couple of sunbeams."

The two visitors failed to go into raptures over the compliment. In fact, they didn't even smile, but rose in some haste, and without noticing the clerk said good-by to Nannie and walked away. Miss Bachelor also rose and carried the cups, saucers and plates into the lavatory without paying any attention to him, either.

It was rather a pointed snub, and Titus was greatly taken aback. As a matter of fact, the three girls were not pleased at the way Titus had spoken to Bob, trying to make little of him in their presence, and they showed their resentment by giving him the cold shoulder. Titus went back to his desk feeling as mad as a hornet, and he decided that the only way he could get satisfaction was to take it out of Bob. About ten o'clock next morning Mr. Littleby called Bob into his room.

"I want you to take a package containing two West Shore bonds down to George Gallagher, No. 1 Broadway. His office is on the eleventh floor."

"All right, sir."

"On your way back stop in at Lawyer Goodrich's office, at 115 Broadway, hand him this note and bring me back his answer."

"Yes, sir," said Bob.

"If Mr. Goodrich should give you a legal document fetch it in here. If I'm engaged with Mr. Mallison in his office sit down and wait till I come in."

Bob got his hat and was presently on the street.

He delivered the package of bonds to Mr. Gallagher and then made his way to the lawyer's office, handed Mr. Goodrich the note addressed to him and received a legal document in return, with which he hastened back to the office. Mr. Littleby wasn't in his room, so he asked the cashier if that gentleman was engaged with Mr. Mallison. Receiving an answer in the affirmative he returned to the private room and sat down to await Mr. Littleby's appearance.

He picked up a copy of a financial daily that lay on the boss's desk and began reading the latest ticker news. He was very much interested in a paragraph which stated that two Western railroads were reported as being about to consolidate when Walter Titus entered the room with a paper in his hand. He looked at Bob, who appeared to be taking things uncommonly easy. The young messenger, after glancing at him, resumed his reading.

"Well, upon my word, young fellow, you seem to have a soft snap in this office!" the margin clerk said in an unpleasant tone.

"What makes you think I have?" replied Bob, coolly.

"What are you doing in here?" demanded Titus. "Studying."

"Loafing, you mean," retorted Titus angrily.

Bob made no answer, but went on reading the paper.

"What are you studying?" asked Titus curiously.

"How to mind my own business. It wouldn't be a bad plan on your part to take a few lessons in the same thing."

"How dare you talk to me in that manner?" roared the margin clerk furiously.

"I thought you needed the information."

"You young whippersnapper, take that!"

He stepped forward and fetched Bob a slap across the face that made the boy's cheek tingle unpleasantly. Then something happened that Titus wasn't looking for. Bob dropped the paper, jumped to his feet and smashed the margin clerk in the eye so hard that he staggered back against the door just as it was opened and Mr. Littleby walked into the room.

"Hey! Hey! What's this?" demanded the broker, pushing Titus away, for the clerk had trod on one of his corns.

"Bob Carson hit me a blow in the eye," replied Titus, smothering his rage in the presence of his employer.

"What's the trouble between you and Titus," Littleby asked his messenger.

"He slapped me in the face," replied Bob, "and I won't stand that from anybody."

"He insulted me," gritted Titus.

"If you will let me explain, sir, I'll tell you how the thing happened," said Bob.

"Explain, then," answered Littleby sharply.

Bob told how he was sitting quietly in the chair beside the desk reading a copy of the "Daily Argus" and waiting for Mr. Littleby according to his instructions, when Titus came in. He recited the margin clerk's remarks and the answers he had given back.

"He got mad because I told him he'd better learn how to mind his own business, and slapped me in the face. Then I struck him back. That's the whole thing."

"Well, I won't have this sort of thing in my

office. Understand that, both of you. What brought you in here, Titus?"

"I came to hand you this paper," replied the margin clerk deferentially.

"You can return to your desk," said Littleby, taking the paper. "What did you bring from Goodrich?" he asked, turning to Bob.

"This legal paper," replied the boy, handing it to him.

Littleby unfolded and glanced over it. He scowled as though he were not pleased with its contents.

"Tell Mr. Mallison I want to see him a moment," he said to Bob. The boy carried the message to the elder member of the firm, and then returned to his seat in the waiting-room.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob's Gallant Act.

The margin clerk was in a mighty bad humor when he returned to his desk. He felt he was in for another black eye, and he hadn't forgotten the guying he received over the former one he got from Singleton.

"Hello! What's the matter with your eye?" asked the second bookkeeper, whose desk faced his. "Run against something?" with a suspicious grin.

"Nothing is the matter with it," scowled Titus.

"No? Well, it looks bad. Better send Carson out for a piece of raw beef or an oyster to put on it right away, or you'll have another decorated optic in the morning."

"Mind your business, will you?" snarled the clerk.

The second bookkeeper said no more, but he put the other two clerks on to Titus. The junior clerk, whose name was Fred Barton, pretty soon found an excuse to consult Titus about some matter. After he got his answer he looked at the margin clerk sympathetically.

"What have you been doing to your eye, Mr. Titus? It looks——"

"Cut it out!" growled Titus. "I don't want any remarks on the subject. I got a cold in it last night."

"I had a cold in one of my eyes like that once," said the junior clerk, smothering a grin, "and I cured it with a raw oyster. They say that's a sure remedy."

"Go to thunder!" roared Titus with a red face.

It wasn't long before it was known all over the counting-room that Titus had got his damaged eye from Bob, and he heard about it after awhile. That made him furious against the young messenger, and he began to consider how he could get back at the boy. He wished he could get Bob in trouble with the firm so as to bring about his discharge. That would have been balm to his soul. A few days later Bob learned that a big broker by the name of Lumbly was buying all the shares of D. & P. he could get. It was known as a good reputable stock, but just at present it was selling lower than usual in the market. It was then going at 80.

Bob looked up all the information he could obtain about D. & P., and was satisfied it was worth buying on general principles, without reference to a possible boom. Accordingly as he had money enough to put up on a marginal deal of

500 shares he went to the little bank and left an order with the margin clerk for the purchase of that much D. & P. for his account. He dropped in at the bank that afternoon on his way home and found that the stock had been bought at 80, and that the bank was holding it subject to his order. Bob hardly expected the stock to go above 90, if it went as high as that.

An advance of ten points, however, would give him a profit of \$5,000, and that was a very satisfactory outlook. Next day the price was down to 78 5-8. That fact didn't greatly worry Bob, though, for he knew it would have to go down about ten points before he would be wiped out, and until he was actually cleaned out there was always the chance of the price going up again. From his general knowledge of D. & P. he thought there was little danger that it would drop to any extent. He figured that it was due for a rise, and moreover Broker Lumley was still buying the stock whenever it was offered him in the Exchange. For several days D. & P. hung around 79, and then it advanced to 81. Bob rubbed his hands with satisfaction when he saw the quotation on the tape.

"I wish I had 5,000 instead of 500 shares of the stock," he said to himself as he returned to his seat.

While Bob was building aircastles around D. & P. a poorly-dressed but very pretty girl opened the door and walked into the office in a shy kind of way.

"Who do you wish to see, miss?" asked the boy, getting up and going to her.

"Is Mr. Littleby or Mr. Mallison in?" she asked in an embarrassed way.

"No, miss, but Mr. Mallison will be back from his lunch any moment. Please take a seat," said Bob, treating her with as much deference as though she were a duchess. He never treated a person who looked poor any different from one who seemed to be well off. If Bob was behind the age in this respect it was greatly to his credit. He always followed the golden rule strictly, because his mother had taught him to pay strict attention to it, and he believed everything his dead mother had said was right.

The fair visitor sat down on a chair and looked at the rug on the floor. Bob watched her out of the corner of his eyes and wondered who she was and what business she had with the firm.

"She's got the face of an angel," he said, "but she looks as poor as Job's turkey."

The longer Bob looked at her the more interested he became in her. In fact, he could hardly keep his eyes off her.

"I'd like to know her," he mused. "She's different from most girls I see. She is not a gad-about or a flyaway. If she were dressed in silks I'll bet she'd be just as modest and sweet as she looks now."

In about ten minutes Mr. Mallison entered and went directly to his private office. Bob got up and went to the girl.

"Mr. Mallison has just come in, miss. If you will tell me your name and give me an idea of your business with the firm I'll announce you to Mr. Mallison."

"My name is Miss Manson. I came to see if I can sell a few shares of railroad stock belonging to my mother."

"All right, Miss Manson. I'll tell Mr. Mallison."

Bob went in and told the broker that a young

lady named Manson was in the waiting-room, and that she wanted to sell some shares of railroad stock.

"Show her in," said Mr. Mallison.

Bob did so. In about five minutes she came out of the private room and left the office. Mr. Mallison's bell rang at that moment and Bob went in to see what he wanted.

"Take this note down to Mr. Megrim, of No. — Broad Street. You may have a small package to bring back," said the broker.

Bob put on his hat and left the office. As he reached the main entrance he saw Miss Manson just leaving the curb to cross the street. She couldn't pass up the sidewalk toward Broadway, where she was apparently bound, because a large safe was being lifted to the sixth floor of the building next door and the red danger signs were lying on the walk as a warning to pedestrians. The heavy truck on which two burly men were working the windlass blocked up a part of the street, and a touring automobile standing on the opposite side made the passage for vehicles still narrower.

A small express wagon, such as are utilized to carry valuable packages, came dashing along down the street as the girl was crossing, and she sprang back just in time to save herself. Bob saw that she looked frightened at her narrow escape, and hesitated after the wagon had gone by.

"I guess it's up to me to see her across," said the boy, stepping forward to tender his services. Before he could reach her she continued her way. Unfortunately, she did not notice that she was walking right in front of a cab that was coming down from Broadway. The driver shouted at her.

She then saw her second danger and tried to avoid it as before. This time she tripped and fell with a scream of fright. Only that Bob was close beside her at the moment she would certainly have been run down and badly injured, if not killed. He stooped, seized her in his arms and swung her out of harm's way just in the nick of time. The girl's face was white as snow, and Bob thought she was about to faint.

"Brace up, Miss Manson," he whispered in her ear. "You're safe. I'll take you right across."

Mechanically the girl permitted him to lead her to the other sidewalk.

"There, now, you're all right," said Bob, reassuringly.

She stood and looked at him in a dazed way. She was trembling so much she could hardly stand, so he gave her the support of one of his arms.

"I'm so frightened," she fluttered.

"I don't wonder," replied the young messenger. "You had a narrow escape from that cab. However, a miss is as good as a mile."

"You saved my life," she said, grasping him by the arm and flashing a look of gratitude in his face. "I'm very, very grateful to you."

"You're quite welcome, Miss Manson."

"You know my name!" she said in surprise. "I don't remember——"

"You don't remember me, eh? Well, I'm the boy who took your name in to Mr. Mallison when you were in his office a short time ago."

"Why so you are," she answered with a faint smile of recognition.

"I am very glad I was at hand to be of service

to you, miss, and I hope I shall see you again," said Bob eagerly.

"Mamma will want to thank you for saving me from being run over. We live at No. — East 130th Street."

Bob took out his pencil and noted the address on one of his cuffs.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she asked.

"My name is Bob Carson. I'm messenger for Littleby & Mallison."

"Thank you. I feel better now, and will not detain you longer. I thank you once more for what you did for me, and shall be very happy to have you call and see us if you care to do so."

"I shall be very glad to call, Miss Manson, and I thank you for the invitation."

He raised his hat to her politely and they separated.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Mining Stock Swindle.

Bob hurried to make up for lost time, but his mind was engrossed with the fair girl whose life he had saved. He was tickled to death to feel that he had rendered her so important a service, and that the opportunity was his to meet her again and improve the acquaintance. Just why he was so taken with Miss Manson he could not explain, except that she was the loveliest girl he had ever met in his life. In spite of her comparatively poor attire she was decidedly attractive in her eyes, and her apparent poverty rather appealed to his sympathy.

"She's a nice girl," and a good one, too, I'll swear to that," he said emphatically. "I mean to call on her and her mother in a day or two. They can't really be so very poor if they have railroad stock for sale. It strikes me they are people who have seen better days and come down in the world. At any rate, there is nothing common about Miss Manson. She acts very ladylike, indeed."

When Bob presented his note to Broker Megrim he was told to wait. The trader went to his safe, took out some certificates of stock, wrapped them up and handed them to the boy.

"Give that package to Mr. Mallison," he said.

Bob carried it back with him to the office and handed it in to his employer. Later on, when Bob came back from the bank where his firm kept their account, Mr. Mallison called him into his office.

"You can go home now, Bob," he said. "On your way uptown I want you to leave this package and this \$190 at the home of Mrs. John Manson, No. — East 130th Street. Here's a receipt for the money that you will request Mrs. Manson to sign. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, his heart bounding at the idea of calling so soon on the young lady and her mother.

"Tell Mrs. Manson that I made the best trade I could for her shares of D. & G.," said the broker. "Explain to her that I exchanged them for \$200 cash and 1,000 shares of Solid Silver mining stock at fifty cents a share. Tell her that she had better put the mining stock away, as it's likely to go to a dollar a share inside of six months. That will give her a profit of \$500 more than if I sold her ten shares of D. & G. for cash at the market."

I only charged her \$10 commission on the whole transaction, which you can inform her is a very moderate fee for the service."

"All right, sir, I'll tell her what you have just said."

"You can impress the fact upon her that she has done extremely well with her stock, and that we always do the best we can for our customers."

"Yes, sir. I'll tell her that."

"That is all. You can go now."

Bob put the money in his trousers pocket and the package of stock in his jacket pocket and started uptown. He got off the Third Avenue elevated at the 129th Street Station, and was soon ringing the bell of a cheap flat at No. — East 130th Street, where the Mansons lived. He had to walk up four flights of stairs to reach the top floor and there he found the girl herself waiting at the turn of the balusters to see who was coming up.

"Why, Mr. Carson, is it you?" she exclaimed with a smile of welcome. "Wait till I go round and open the sitting-room door."

Bob waited and was presently ushered into a small and neatly furnished front room.

"I didn't expect to call so soon," explained Bob, "but Mr. Mallison asked me to stop here on my way home and leave some money and a package of mining stock for your mother."

"I'm sure we're ever so much obliged to you," said the girl. "Mamma will be in in a few minutes."

Bob talked with Miss Manson, whose other name was Ruby, until her mother came into the room.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Robert Carson, who saved me from being run over by a cab in Wall Street to-day," said Ruby.

Mrs. Manson, who was a cheerful little woman of perhaps forty years, expressed the gratitude she felt toward Bob for the priceless service he had rendered her child.

"That's all right, Mrs. Manson. I happened fortunately to be close behind your daughter at the time I saw her peril and did the best I could to save her. Anybody else would no doubt have done the same thing. I don't think I did more than my duty under the circumstances."

After a short conversation Bob handed Mrs. Manson the package of stock and the \$190 in money, and delivered Mr. Mallison's verbal message.

"I don't know anything about this mining stock," said Mrs. Manson dubiously, "but if Mr. Mallison says it is worth \$500 now, and may be worth \$1,000 in six months, I suppose it's all right."

"How many shares of D. & G. did you sell through Mr. Mallison?" asked Bob.

"Ten shares, the market value of which the paper said was \$70 a share."

Bob hauled out the afternoon's stock report and looked up D. & G.

"It closed at 73 to-day," he said. "The opening price was 70. How came you to take only \$200 in money and the rest in mining stock, Miss Manson?"

"Mr. Mallison told me that the 1,000 shares of Solid Silver could be got at a great bargain, that is, fifty cents a share. He said it was worth \$1 a share, and would eventually be worth much more than that. He advised me to take it instead of

\$500 in money if I did not actually want the cash right away," said Ruby Manson.

"Well, it isn't my place to make any comment on the subject, as I am working for Mr. Mallison, but there are only a few mining stocks that I'd care to invest any coin in. I never heard of Solid Silver, but it may be all that Mr. Mallison says it is. However, I mean to look it up to-morrow, and I'll let you know by letter what I have found out about it," said Bob.

"I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will," said Mrs. Manson. "If there is any likelihood of the stock being worth \$1 a share soon, of course it will be very satisfactory to us; but if we would have to hold it too long to make a profit I think I would prefer to have Mr. Mallison take it back and give me the \$500 in money instead."

Bob didn't say anything, but he had a suspicion in his mind that Mr. Mallison had dumped the Solid Silver stock on the Mansons to get rid of it himself. It didn't jibe with Mr. Mallison's reputation to sell a stock at fifty cents that in his opinion was worth \$1, and for which he could get \$1 in the near future. Littleby & Mallison were not in the habit of doing business that way. They were accustomed to look after No. One first, last and all the time.

Singleton wasn't the only customer who had complained of their sharp practices within Bob's knowledge, and the boy had every reason to believe that they never let a chance go by to feather their own nest, no matter at whose expense. He had begun to take such an interest in the Mansons, particularly Miss Ruby, that he entertained a strong objection to their being defrauded in any way by the firm for whom he worked. He knew that it would make him mad if he found out that Mr. Mallison had buncoed Mrs. Manson with the Solid Silver shares.

Whatever his suspicions were at the moment he was too prudent to express any opinion on the subject until he had obtained proof one way or the other. So, after half an hour's pleasant conversation with Mrs. Manson and Ruby, he took his leave, promising to call again at an early date, and assuring Mrs. Manson that she should hear from him right away in relation to the mining stock. Next morning he noticed to his satisfaction that his own D. & P. stock had gone up another point and was quoted at 82.

"That puts me \$1,000 ahead of the game so far," he told himself. "If it goes up eight points more I'll be well satisfied with the deal."

About noon he was sent on an errand to the Mills Building. On his way back he stopped at the office of a well-known and reliable Curb broker and made inquiries about Solid Silver.

"That stock is little better than a wildcat," was the answer he got from the broker. "I can buy loads of it on the Street for 25 cents a share, but I don't consider it is worth the price. As a matter of fact, it's a drug on the market, in common with a score or more of similar stocks that have a fictitious valuation on the market report. If the party for whom you are seeking information has any of it for sale you may tell him from me that he'll find it a hard matter to dispose of it at any price. If he has an idea of buying any, just tell him to leave it alone, as well as any other mining stock in the same category. It is not a real producer. It is hardly more than a prospect as yet. The little ore the mine is shipping is of a

low grade that barely pays for the handling. Until a mine is in a position to declare a dividend once in awhile I've got no use for it."

The broker made no bones about telling what he thought about the class of mining properties of which Solid Silver was a sample. He said the Street was flooded with worthless, and next to worthless, mining stock, whose only excuse for existence was to catch suckers with.

"Speculators are locating mines every day almost in the silver belt of Nevada," he explained to Bob. "They are purely prospects at first, and most of them never get beyond that stage. Let one of these mines strike paying ore, and really amount to something, and every man or clique of men who has taken title to ground in the immediate vicinity will take advantage of the fact to boom their own properties. They'll issue glowing prospectuses telling how close they abut on the new producer, and how it stands to reason that if paying silver is being found 100, or 200, or even 500 feet from the boundary of their claims, the lode or vein must necessarily run through their mine as well. They print maps and diagrams purporting to prove this fact, but no real mining man is taken in by such specious reasoning—but plenty of fools at a distance are caught by the bait, and the speculators live and thrive on the money obtained from them."

"You say you can get all the shares of Solid Silver you want at 25 cents a share, and that, in your opinion, it isn't worth that?" said Bob.

The broker nodded.

"But a friend of mine paid 50 cents a share for some yesterday under the impression that that was its market value."

"Well, it was quoted at 50 cents for a few minutes yesterday," said the broker. "I haven't much doubt but the figure was reached by a series of wash sales, which is a common trick among some brokers when they want to establish a basis for a trade."

"I think it is a swindle to sell a person stock at a price far in advance of its salable value," said Bob indignantly, "and I think there ought to be a law to reach and punish persons doing it."

"It certainly is not at all regular," replied the broker; "but it's done right along, just the same, and I haven't heard of anybody going to jail for doing it."

Bob thanked the broker for the information and returned to his office thoroughly disgusted with Mr. Mallison, and wondering how he could break the news to Mrs. Manson in a way that would not get him mixed up in the matter when the lady came to the office to put up a stiff kick, as she probably would as soon as she found that she had been victimized on the mining shares.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob is Discharged.

When he got back to the office Bob took a look at the tape and saw that D. & P. had taken a jump to 85. During the day Bob discovered that there was a big demand in the Exchange for D. & P. shares. The demand, however, was greater than the supply, and the price went up as usually happens in a case of that kind. A bear movement was made against it in the afternoon, but had little effect in unsettling the value. The stock

kept right on going up, and closed at 89. From all indications it looked as if the price would go well up in the nineties, so Bob decided not to sell yet awhile. After thinking the mining stock over he decided not to commit himself in writing, but call on Mrs. Manson and tell her just what the Curb broker had told him. Accordingly he got off the train at 129th Street, as before, and went over to the Manson flat on East 130th Street.

"I suppose I have surprised you again, Miss Manson," said Bob when he met the girl on the top floor landing, "but I have something to tell your mother about her mining stock that I didn't think I could explain fully by letter, so I took the liberty of calling instead of writing."

"You are very kind to take so much trouble, Mr. Carson," said Ruby.

"It is no trouble, I assure you. I am very glad to do you any little service I can."

Mrs. Manson greeted him in the sitting-room, and he got down to business without delay.

"I consulted a well-known broker to-day, who is an authority on mining stock, and I regret to say his conclusions are not in your favor," began Bob.

Mrs. Manson looked disturbed and Ruby anxious.

"The Solid Silver stock is really not worth fifty cents a share, and would even be difficult to sell at twenty-five cents. Although Mr. Mallison is my employer I am obliged to say that I don't think he has treated you fairly. Your daughter ought not to have allowed him to suggest the deal in question. He ought to have paid you cash for your D. & G. shares. Furthermore, I have found out that the shares were quoted at 72 in the market at the time your daughter was in the office, and they have not been lower since. They closed at 73 and to-day they are 74 1-8. By allowing you only the opening price of the day, which was 70, he took advantage of your daughter's lack of knowledge of Wall Street."

Mother and daughter were clearly much distressed by this information.

"What would you advise me to do?" asked Mrs. Manson.

"Well, I think both you and your daughter ought to call at the office in the morning around eleven o'clock and see Mr. Mallison. Tell him what you have learned. I will give you the name and address of the Curb broker. You had better call on him first and verify my statements. You can tell him about the deal your daughter was persuaded to make with Mr. Mallison, and ask his advice. It would be advisable for you to do this in your own interest. You see, I don't want to tell Mr. Mallison that I put you wise to the state of things, for that would get me in serious trouble with the firm, not that I care particularly whether I continue with them or not, but it would be better for me to leave them voluntarily than be discharged."

"Oh, I wouldn't mention your name for anything," said Mrs. Manson. "I will call on the broker you refer me to."

"That's right. Here is his name and office address on Broad Street."

Bob then told them all the broker had said about cheap mining stocks, and how it was best to avoid buying such things.

"When you put it up to Mr. Mallison strong he may be induced to settle the matter by taking

back the Solid Silver shares and giving you the money he charged you for them. I am rather surprised that he should take such advantage of you in so small a matter as \$500. Really, it wasn't worth the trouble."

Mrs. Manson thanked Bob for the interest he took in her affairs, and assured him that she looked upon him as a valued friend. Bob then took his leave and went home. Next morning there was excitement to burn in the Stock Exchange over D. & P. A regular boom set in and by noon the stock was selling at 98. Bob was out on an errand at the time and during his absence Mrs. Manson and Ruby called on Mr. Mallison. They had previously visited the Curb broker and explained the situation to him.

He told Mrs. Manson point-blank that Mr. Mallison had defrauded her daughter by inducing her to accept the Solid Silver mining stock at fifty cents a share in place of the cash. He told her he doubted if she would be able to get more than twenty cents a share for the stock at the outside. Mr. Mallison received them in his private room, and after listening to Mrs. Manson's complaint put up a big defence and fairly bluffed them out of the matter so that they had to retire without receiving any satisfaction.

Bob met them in the corridor as he was returning to the office and they told him about the unsatisfactory result of their interview with Mr. Mallison. It happened that Walter Titus came along and heard a portion of the conversation, and he reported it to Mr. Mallison. The result was that when Bob entered the office the broker called him into his private room and asked him what he had been saying to Mrs. Manson and her daughter in the corridor. When the boy declined to state what he had been talking about, on the ground that it was a personal matter, Mr. Mallison then stated that Titus had reported he had overheard, and accused Bob of acting against the interests of the firm.

"You told Mrs. Manson that I hadn't treated her right," scowled Mr. Mallison. "Do you deny that?"

"No, I don't deny it. If you think it is a fair deal to unload a bunch of comparatively worthless stock on a customer whose ignorance of the matter made her an easy mark, I don't," replied Bob boldly.

"How dare you criticize my actions? Take your hat and get out of the office. I won't have you around here another minute, d'ye understand?"

"All right," replied Bob coolly. "I'm just as well pleased to leave as you are to have me go. I don't like your methods, anyway. I hear enough about them in the Street, and see more than I want to in the office. I've endeavored to do my duty to you and Mr. Littleby, and neither one of you can say that I haven't done the square thing by you. Therefore I shall be obliged to you to write me a letter of recommendation, as I think I deserve it."

"Write you——"

Mr. Mallison used an expression that wouldn't look well in print and smote the top of his desk with his first in a great rage.

"Get out of here, you impertinent young jack-anapes, or I'll kick you out."

"I don't think it would be well for you to try and kick me out, Mr. Mallison, as I haven't done anything to deserve such treatment. Since you

have discharged me I will go to the cashier and get what's coming to me, then I won't trouble you any more. It doesn't do a boy any good to work for a firm that has a reputation for sharp practice."

"You young puppy!" roared Mr. Mallison, springing to his feet. "I've a great mind to——"

"What?" asked Bob, looking the angry man squarely in the eye with so resolute an expression that the broker hesitated.

"Get out!" he said snarlingly, turning and re-seating himself at his desk.

"All right, sir. Good afternoon," and Bob walked outside.

He went directly to the cashier and asked for what was due him. That gentleman was naturally surprised, and asked for an explanation.

"I've had a little scrap with Mr. Mallison, and he told me to go, and so I'm going."

"Oh, I guess he didn't mean it. Mr. Littleby thinks there isn't another messenger in the Street like you. Even if Mr. Mallison discharged you Mr. Littleby will countermand it."

"No, he won't," replied Bob. "I'm through with this office even if Mr. Littleby was to ask me to stay, which I think isn't likely. He couldn't very well overrule his partner's wishes."

"Well, wait a moment till I go and see Mr. Mallison about it."

The cashier entered the private room and soon returned with orders to pay Bob his wages to Saturday and let him go.

"I'm sorry you're going to leave us, Bob," said the cashier, as he handed the young messenger the money. "You're the best boy we've ever had."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Haywood. We shall remain good friends, I hope."

"Undoubtedly," replied the cashier, shaking him by the hand.

Bob then went into Nannie Bachelor's den.

"Good-bye, Nannie," he said. "I'm going to leave you."

"What's that?" replied the girl in surprise.

"Yes. I had a run-in with Mr. Mallison just now and he fired me good and hard."

"You don't really mean that," she said incredulously.

"Yes, I do. There's my week's wages, and I am now a person of leisure."

"What are you going to do? Look for another position?"

"Maybe. Or I might go in business for myself."

"Go into business for yourself? Where?"

"In Wall Street."

"As what?" asked Nannie in surprise.

"As a speculator on my own account."

"Why, the idea! Have you got money to speculate with?"

"Sure, I have. Wads of it," grinned Bob. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Of course."

"Most girls can't, but I'll trust you. Read that memorandum. It shows I've put up \$5,000 as margin for 500 shares of D. & P. at 80. Well, it was selling at 98 a little while ago. It may be at par now. If it is I can sell out at a profit of \$20 a share, or \$10,000. At that rate I don't have to worry about hustling for another job."

"My goodness! Who would have thought you were worth all that money?"

"I made most of it in the market since I've been working for this firm."

"Is that really so?"

"Yes, it's really so."

At that moment Titus appeared with a paper for the stenographer to copy. He looked at Bob with an air of triumphant satisfaction.

"You got the bounce, did you?" he chuckled. "It isn't more than you deserve. I reckon you won't get another job down here in a hurry. You'd better take a glide now. I've got business with Miss Bachelor."

"Do you want to know what I think of you?" said Bob. "You're a sneak and a tale-bearer. You overheard a few words I said to two people in the corridor and you reported it to Mr. Mallison. You think yourself a man, but you aren't half of one. You are nothing but a contemptible cur."

"How dare you talk to me that way?" demanded Titus furiously.

"Because you deserve it. Everybody in the office knows what you are, and they have as little to do with you as possible."

"You insulting puppy, get out of here!" and Titus grabbed Bob by the arm, intending to put him out of the conting-room.

Bob was only waiting for an excuse to get back at his enemy. He snatched his arm away from the margin clerk's grasp and gave him a punch in the jaw that set his teeth rattling like a pair of castanets. Then he said good-by to the stenographer and walked out of the office.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Opens an Office.

Bob went directly to the Stock Exchange and spent the rest of the afternoon up to three o'clock watching the brokers on the floor. The chief excitement was around D. & P., which advanced steadily to 102, at which figure it closed for the day.

"I'm about \$11,000 ahead on the deal so far," Bob said to himself, as he left the Exchange and walked to a lunchhouse. "I guess I'd better sell out before a slump sets in, for it strikes me this figure can't be maintained very long."

"Hello, Bob, how's Littleby & Mallison?" asked a messenger named Joe Ferris, who came in and took a seat beside him.

"They seem to be in good health," replied Bob.

"I wouldn't want to work for them," said Ferris. "They've got a fierce reputation. It's a wonder you wouldn't try to cut loose from them."

"I have."

"You have!" exclaimed the boy. "When did you leave them?"

"About two hours ago."

"What, in the middle of the week? Got another job?"

"No."

"Then how came you to quit so suddenly? Any trouble?"

"Yes. I told Mallison that he didn't treat a certain customer right, and he got mad as a hornet and bounced me."

The boys continued to converse until they had finished their lunch, and then they parted. Bob said nothing to his aunt when he got home about the trouble he had had at the office, and next morning he went down to Wall Street as usual. He met Nannie Bachelor at the corner of Broad-

way and walked with her down to the office. He went up with her on the elevator and left her at the door. On his way back to the elevator he met the janitor of the building, with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Hello, Mooney!" he said. "Fine morning, isn't it?"

"Faith, it is," replied Mooney.

"I'm looking for an office," said Bob.

"What for?"

"To go into business."

"What business?"

"Stock brokerage."

"Go on, now! You are makin' game of me, so you are."

"No, I'm not, Mooney. Do you suppose the agent will rent me the office if I ask him?"

"I have me doubts."

"Let me see it, anyway, will you?"

"All right. Come along and I'll give you a glimpse."

The janitor opened the door of the vacant room, and Bob decided that it would suit him all right.

"I'll see the agent about it," he said.

"I'm afraid you'll only be after wastin' your time. The offices are only rented to responsible people."

"Isn't my money as good as anybody's?"

"Sure, it is! but bein' a b'y you ain't responsible."

"You lease the office from May to May, don't you?"

"Sure, we do."

"If I put up five months' rent in advance can't I get the room up to next May?"

"Have you got so much money?" asked the janitor incredulously.

"I may have enough to buy the building for all you know."

"You might, if somebody lift you a fortune."

"Well, so long, I'll see you again."

Bob went around to the little bank on Nassau Street and ordered his 500 shares of D. & P. sold at the opening of the market. He waited at the bank until he got word that the sale had been put through at 103 1-2. That gave him a net profit of \$11,500, and raised his capital to over \$16,000. He drew a small amount on account and went around to see the agent of the building about the office. The agent laughed at him at first, but when Bob pulled out his roll and offered to pay five months' rent in advance the man asked him what he wanted the office for. Bob told him how he proposed to utilize the office. Finally the agent said he could have it till the first of next May on the terms he offered. Bob then said that he thought he ought to be entitled to interest on the money he advanced as security. The agent agreed to allow him the current rate of interest, and so Bob got the office, and started out at once to have it furnished up to suit his fancy. As he was going out of the front entrance he ran against Littleby. His late employer seized him by the arm and dragged him to one side.

"You had trouble with Mr. Mallison yesterday and he discharged you."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've fixed the matter up so that you can come back. I told Mallison that you were too good a messenger to lose just because you happened to forget yourself and say some things you

ought not to have done. Come right upstairs and take your seat in the waiting-room."

"Sorry, Mr. Littleby, but now that I'm out, I'm out for good."

"Do you mean to say that you don't want to come back?"

"That's about the size of it, sir."

The broker looked disappointed.

"Have you got another position in view?"

"No, sir. I'm not going to take another position. I've hired an office on your floor and I'm going in business for myself."

"Going in business for yourself!" almost gasped Littleby.

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of business?"

"I'm going to speculate in stocks on my own account, and for anybody else's account that wants me to do business for them."

"Great Caesar! Why, you're only a boy!"

"No use of my trying to deny that fact."

"Where do you expect to get the money with which to speculate?"

"I've got a few dollars to begin with."

"And you've actually hired an office on the sixth floor?"

"I have."

Littleby looked searchingly at his late messenger. He began to suspect that there was something behind this move of Bob's. Somebody must be backing the boy and using him as a blind to cover operations of a secret nature, for in his opinion it was preposterous that his late office boy could open an office on his own account. He determined to ferret the matter out. There might be a good thing in it for him and Mallison. The only way he could succeed was by keeping on friendly terms with Bob. So he wished him success in his new venture, and told him if he could be of any service to him to let him know.

"Thank you, Mr. Littleby, you are very kind," said Bob, privately wondering at the broker's friendly attitude.

Littleby then took the elevator upstairs, while the boy started off to hunt up an office furnishing store. The necessary furniture was delivered late that afternoon, and next morning a painter came and was soon busy putting on the frosted glass panel of the door:

ROBERT CARSON,
Stocks and Bonds.

While he was at work Walter Titus passed along the corridor, and stopped to see who the new tenant was.

"Robert Carson," he muttered. "I wonder if that is any relative of Bob Carson, our late messenger?"

"How do you like the sign, Mr. Talebearer?" said a voice behind him.

He swung around and found himself face to face with Bob.

"If you think that you injured me by having me discharged from the office you're just as mistaken as if you'd lost your suspenders. Mr. Littleby wanted me to come back, but as I'm going into business on my own hook I had to refuse. Maybe I'll want an office boy by and by. If I do I'll keep you in mind."

Titus cast a venomous look at Bob and hurried to his own office, while Bob chuckled to himself and entered his office.

CHAPTER XI.—Nannie Bachelor and Her Two Friends Lunch With Bob in His Office.

When Fred Barton, Littleby & Mallison's junior clerk, went to lunch he saw the newly painted sign on the door of Bob's office.

"Robert Carson!" he exclaimed, stopping short and looking at it. "I wonder——"

At that moment the door opened and Bob came out.

"Hello, Barton!" cried Bob. "Step in and take a look at my office."

"You're office!" ejaculated the junior clerk.

"Sure thing," laughed Bob. "Don't you see my name on the door?"

"But that isn't your name."

"Isn't it? Well, I had an idea that it was, seeing that I paid a sign painter for putting it there."

Barton allowed Bob to usher him into the room, which was fitted up in a way that looked like business.

"Say, Bob, what does this mean?" asked the junior clerk with a puzzled look.

"It means I've gone into business. Isn't that clear enough from the sign?"

"But you're only a boy. How can you expect to do any business in stocks and bonds? What do you know about stocks and bonds, anyway?"

"Oh, I know a whole lot."

"Why, you were a messenger at our place less than six months, and you couldn't have learned much about the brokerage business in that time."

"I was three years in Bates, Munyon & Co.'s office in Boston, and I wasn't messenger all that time, either. For six months I held down a tall stool at one of the desks, and I learned a whole lot about the stock brokerage business."

"This is the first I've heard of that. How came you to take up with the messenger business again?"

"I couldn't pick up anything better in this town when I came here, so I took hold at that line again, hoping to work myself up."

"I heard Littleby wanted you to come back," said Barton.

"He did. I met him in the corridor downstairs and he told me that he had fixed things up with Mallison so I could return, but I told him that I had decided to become my own boss for the future."

"He must have thought you crazy."

"He looked surprised, but wound up by wishing me luck and offering to help me all he could."

"The dickens he did! Did you tell him that you had money?"

"I told him that I had a few dollars."

"You must have something, that's sure, else you couldn't hire an office in this building and furnish it in bang-up style. Did you get a legacy lately?"

"No. All the money I've got I made myself."

"I suppose you saved most of your wages in Boston."

"No. I never made enough to save a great deal. Still I managed to save enough to speculate on the Boston market, and when I came here I had a few hundred dollars in my clothes."

"A few hundred isn't much to open an office on."

"Oh, I made a few hundred more speculating

while I was carrying messages for Littleby & Mallison."

"That so? You never told me anything about it before."

"It isn't a good idea to tell everything you know in this world, even to your best friend. A still tongue they say is a good business asset."

"I guess you're right, Bob," admitted Barton; "but I don't see how you expect to do any business in Wall Street at your age."

"It will take time to get established, but I guess I can afford to wait for things to come to the front."

"Well, I hope you'll get along, Bob," said the junior clerk in a tone that had a doubtful ring to it. "The people in our office will be paralyzed when they learn you have branched out as a full-fledged broker. Titus will say he sees your finish, but the rest, including Miss Bachelor, will be glad to see you get on."

"I saw Titus this morning. He was standing looking at my sign when I came up. I asked him how he liked it, and told him as I expected to hire an office boy soon I would keep him in mind for the job."

Barton laughed heartily.

"That was a rough dig at him, Bob," he said.

"Not rougher than he deserves for me."

"Well, I must be getting to my lunch," said the junior clerk.

"I'll go along with you," said Bob.

About half-past three that day Littleby dropped in at Bob's office and took in the surroundings with a critical eye. He was more than ever satisfied that some broker was backing the boy for a purpose, and he was anxious to learn what that purpose might be. He chatted in a friendly way with the young broker, endeavoring to pump him, but he couldn't find out anything more than that Bob was simply out for himself.

"He's pretty sharp," muttered Littleby after he had taken his leave. "Won't let the secret get away from him. However, I'll keep my eye on him, and Mallison will, too. It will be a cold day if we don't get to the bottom of the scheme, whatever it is."

Bob knew that Miss Bachelor left her office a little before five as a rule, so he stood in the corridor till she came along.

"I want to show you my office, Nannie," he said.

"Dear me, so you've actually opened an office, Bob."

"I have."

"That's what Mr. Barton told all of us this afternoon when he got back from his lunch. He said you had a fine little office all ready for business."

"So I have. Step right in and look at it," said Bob, unlocking and throwing his door open.

"You have got a nice office," the girl said, as she looked around. "You are certainly an ambitious boy. By the way, how did you come out on that stock deal you were telling me about when Mr. Titus interrupted you?"

"I cleared \$11,500 on it."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Thank you, Nannie. I know I always have your best wishes. Say, can't you bring Miss Peters and Miss Price in here tomorrow at lunch time? We'll take our lunch in here. I'll have a little spread brought up from the lunch-house

on Pine Street if you girls will honor me with your company. What do you say?"

"I'll ask them to come."

"That's right. I'll look for you between twelve and one."

Bob then escorted Nannie as far as the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, where he put her aboard a car bound for Brooklyn. Next morning Bob read in the papers that the report was current on good authority that the M. & C. road had been consolidated with the M. & N. The young broker took notice at once. Some months before he had seen a paragraph in a financial paper, whose sources of information were considered reliable, that the M. & C. road was in difficulty, and that the only way it could escape getting into the hands of a receiver was to make a deal with the M. & N. line. Bob had tried to keep track of the matter, for the stock of the M. & C. was dropping lower in the market all the time, and he knew if such a deal was put through the M. & C. stock would take on a boom.

From time to time he saw notices about the M. & C. road stating that negotiations were said to be under way looking to a consolidation with the M. & N., but one thing or another blocked the deal. On the day that he severed his connection with Littleby & Mallison, Bob saw a small paragraph which intimated that the consolidation was looked upon in many quarters as an assured fact in the near future. While in the gallery of the Stock Exchange the day before he had noticed a well-known broker buying all the M. & C. shares offered him. This had set him thinking, and he had about decided to buy 1,000 shares himself on the chance that something would come of it when he saw the story in the morning paper.

"If M. & C. doesn't go up today on the strength of that I'll be much mistaken. I'm going to take a long chance, at any rate, that it does go up."

So he went to the little bank and ordered the margin clerk to buy 1,500 shares of M. & C. for his account. He handed in his certificate of deposit for \$16,000 to cover the margin on the deal, receiving \$1,000 cash back which he put in his safe as soon as he reached his office. M. & C. had once been as high as 65, but it was now going at 40.

"If the bank can get those shares and the consolidation turns out to be a fact I'll bet I'll clear over \$25,000," Bob said to himself.

Although much excited over the prospect of making a good haul, he did not forget to order a nice lunch to be sent to his office at half-past twelve. It was all ready and waiting when Nannie Bachelor and her two friends walked in with their lunch packages in their hands, Miss Nannie carrying the hot teapot and the other two girls the cups and saucers.

"Hello, girls!" greeted Bob. "Make yourselves at home."

"Oh, my, haven't you a swell little office!" exclaimed Miss Peters and Miss Pratt in a breath.

"You needn't have brought your lunches, young ladies," said Bob. "I told Miss Nannie that I would order a spread from a Pine Street lunch-house, and there it is waiting for you to pitch in and eat it."

"We thought you meant that we were to dine on the same old plan we used to do in Nannie's den," cried Miss Pratt.

"Not at all. Just leave your packages on top

of my desk. Here is a plate for each of you. Help yourself to whatever you see. There are chicken, ham and sardine sandwiches. Take your choice."

"My, what a fine lunch!" cried Miss Peters, her mouth watering at the display. "You're the nicest boy in the world."

"Thanks, and you are one of the nicest girls in New York."

Miss Peters giggled and the other two laughed.

"Here's a paper napkin for each of you."

"Isn't this too nice for anything," cried Miss Pratt, flashing a bewitching look at the young broker. "So you are actually in business for yourself, Mr. Carson."

"I am. Haven't you got a few thousands you'd like to speculate with?"

"I wish I had. These sandwiches melt in one's mouth."

"I'm glad they hit your palate," smiled Bob. "Don't eat too many or you won't have room for that apple pie or a slice of angel cake."

"Angel cake!" cried Nannie.

"Sure. Here it is," said Bob, uncovering three slices. "I never eat it myself. It's too sweet, something like you girls."

"Oh!" chorused Miss Peters and Miss Pratt.

The lunch proved to be a great success, and Bob declared that they must eat with him again in the near future, whereat the girls laughed and said they would be delighted, with an accent on "de."

During the next few days M. & C. shares advanced rapidly and when they reached a point that Bob thought top-heavy he sold out, netting the neat sum of \$45,000. About this time Bob called at the Manson flat on West 130th Street. Both Ruby and Mrs. Manson were glad to see him. Bob explained to them his change in business and requested Mrs. Manson to let him have the 1,000 shares of Solid Silver stock that Mr. Mallison had worked off on her at fifty cents a share. He told her he had a scheme in mind whereby he could get her money back that he had fleeced her out of. He explained his plan to her and Mrs. Manson got the stock and gave it to him. In the meantime Bob had a box made which he filled with coal and called it "Ore, From the Solid Silver Mine, Jasmine County, Nevada," and placed it on a table in a prominent place in the office. The box was locked.

CHAPTER XII.—Trimming the Brokers.

Bob carried Mrs. Manson's shares of Solid Silver mining stock to his office and locked them up in his safe. Then he went down to the Curb market and began to look for more of the stock. He gradually accumulated 10,000 shares at an average price of 25 cents.

When he had secured all that appeared to be in sight he started around among offices to the Curb brokers and picked up 10,000 more shares at the same price. He had now in his possession pretty near all the stock of the mine in New York. Next morning he went to Jersey City and bought 5,000 shares there, all he could find, at the same price.

When he came back to New York he invited the sub-editor of a certain Wall Street daily to his office to see some valuable specimens of Gold ore he had received from the West.

When the newspaper man called, Bob opened

his mahogany stained box and selecting a couple of bags apparently at random opened them and submitted their contents to his visitor for examination. The sub-editor pronounced the specimens to be very rich in gold ore. When he returned to his office he wrote up a paragraph about them and it was printed next morning. Before ten o'clock Bob had half a dozen Curb brokers in his office looking at the specimens, which they de-leared to be fine.

The result was a rush was made by these traders to buy up Solid Silver stock.

Telegrams were sent to Nevada for further information, and it happened that one of these inquiries reached the brokers in Goldfield who were exploiting Solid Silver for the company.

A great deal of excitement began to center around Solid Silver in Goldfield, and the stock began to bound upward. As a natural consequence the San Francisco and other mining exchanges were similarly affected, and Solid Silver was boosted all around.

The news of this was telegraphed to New York and by three o'clock the stock was quoted on the Curb at 90 cents a share.

Bob, uncertain whether his scheme would succeed or not, determined to take advantage of that figure in Mrs. Manson's favor and he sold her 1,000 shares at 90 cents, thus getting her \$500 back and giving her a profit over Littleby & Mallison's skin game of nearly \$400.

"There, now, that will make her happy, no matter how I may come out. I may lose \$4,000 or \$5,000, if my scheme fails, but I've fixed Mrs. Manson in good shape," he told himself. "She and Ruby will be grateful to me, and it may make me solid with the girl, though I stand pretty well with her, anyway, after saving her life."

About half-past three Littleby walked into Bob's office.

"What's this report in the 'News' about a box of rich specimens of ore from the Solid Silver mine that you have on exhibition? Is that it yonder?"

"Want to see them?" asked Bob.

"Certainly," replied the broker. "Is it true about that rich strike of gold ore reported as made at the mine?"

"I couldn't tell you that, Mr. Littleby. I'll show you the gold ore I have on exhibition."

Bob pulled the box over, opened it, took out the two bags of gold ore and removing the string from them dumped out their contents.

"There, feast your eyes on that and tell me what you think of it."

Littleby examined them carefully and was satisfied that they would assay very high.

"Are you interested in the Solid Silver mine now?"

"To a certain extent I am. I've got a few shares of the stock for sale."

"What are you asking for it?"

"One dollar."

"Why, it closed at 90 cents a little while ago!"

"I know that, but I expect to see it go up tomorrow to over \$1."

"How many shares have you for sale?"

"Any part of 25,000."

"You are selling them for the company, I suppose?"

"No. I'm offering them on my account, as they belong to me."

"Well, I'll take the bunch at \$1."

"All right. Make out your check and I'll deliver you the shares at once."

"I'll send it right down to you," said Littleby. "I'll take a few of these specimens, if you don't mind, to show Mallison."

"Help yourself," replied Bob.

Littleby seized a handful and dropped them in his pocket. In a few minutes red Barton, the junior clerk, came in with Littleby & Mallison's check for \$25,000.

"Littleby sent me in with this check and told me to bring back 25,000 shares of Solid Silver mining stock, Bob."

"That's right. Here are the certificates. See that they're all O. K."

"You seem to be doing some business Bob," said Barton, as he looked the certificates over.

"Yes, a little. I like to deal with easy marks."

"Who do you call easy marks?"

"Well, Littleby & Mallison are pretty easy after all, but I hope you won't tell them I said so," laughed Bob.

"Sure not, but it's the first time I ever heard them called easy. They are usually quite the opposite."

"I know they are; but the shrewdest men sometimes overreach themselves."

About ten minutes later Barton came in again, just as Bob was preparing to go home.

"Here's a note for you, Bob, from Littleby, but I want to warn you that there's some trick behind it."

"Some trick?"

"Yes."

"Any idea what it is?"

"It's connected with that box of specimens. Read the note and see what it says."

Bob did so. It ran as follows:

"Bob Carson: Drop over to the office for a couple of minutes. Littleby."

"While you're over there Titus will be sent over her to get away the contents of that box," said the junior clerk.

"Is that their game?"

"I overheard them fixing it up."

"Then I'll lay a trap for Titus. Go back and tell Littleby that I've just stepped into Green's office next door on a small matter of business, and that he may look for me in five minutes. If he should ask if I locked up my office you can tell him that I did not."

"All right," said Barton, walking away.

The moment the door closed behind the junior clerk Bob hauled the box of alleged specimens into the centre of the room, took out the two bags of gold ore, shut the cover of the box, but left the key in the lock. Then the young broker opened the folding door of the upper half of the combination bookcase, revealing an empty space. He tossed the two bags in, followed himself and closed the doors. The office was now apparently without an occupant. Within a minute the door of the room was cautiously opened and Littleby looked in. Seeing that the room was vacant he stepped in, followed by Mallison, who carried a satchel in his hand.

"Quick!" said Littleby. "Now's our chance, provided we can break open the box. By George! The key is in the lock. Was there ever such luck!

Open the satchel and we'll dump the bags into it." Littleby knelt beside the box and flung open the cover.

"Now, then, get a hustle on, Mallison," he said.

They commenced to throw the bags into the valise when Mallison said:

"They seem plaguey light for ore specimens."

"So they do," said Littleby, weighing one in his hand.

He tore open the mouth of the bag and looked inside.

"Why, this is nothing but coal!" he roared, throwing it on the floor in disgust.

Mallison opened the one held and made the same discovery.

"What in thunder does this mean?" he gasped, in consternation.

As the pair of rascally brokers uttered exclamations of rage at the discovery that the bags contained coal instead of golden nuggets, Bob Carson banged open the doors of the bookcase and confronted them with a grin on his face.

CHAPTER XIII.—In Which Bob Comes Out Ahead.

At that moment a Curb broker named Flint entered the room and was a witness to the discomfiture of the two traders.

"How do the specimens of ore strike you, gentlemen?" laughed Bob, enjoying the consternation of his late employers.

"Confound you, Carson! What kind of a game is this?" roared Littleby angrily.

"What do you mean, Mr. Littleby?" asked the boy suavely.

"What do you mean by palming off coal for golden nuggets?"

"I beg your pardon, I didn't palm off coal for gold nuggets."

"Yes, you did. You told me these bags were filled with gold quartz."

"You're mistaken, I showed you two bags filled with quartz and asked you what you thought of the ore. I made no reference to those other bags."

"This is a put-up job on us, and we'll make you smart for it."

"Excuse me, Mr. Littleby, but will you tell me by what right you and Mr. Mallison presumed to sneak into my office when you thought I was out, open that box, which is my private property, and proceed to steal those bags under the impression that they contained rich quartz? I think if anybody is in danger of smarting for an underhand piece of business it is you two, so I wouldn't be too hasty about threatening other people," said Bob coolly.

"How dare you accuse us of trying to steal anything?" snorted Mallison.

"I dare accuse you because the evidence against you is plain. You've got half a dozen of the bags in that valise you brought in, which shows pretty conclusively what your object was in coming to my office. Own up like men that I've caught you with the goods and I'll let the matter drop; otherwise you may run against a whole peck of trouble. You know what your reputation in the Street is. If this thing gets out, and Mr. Flint here is an accidental witness of your underhand proceedings, it will give you a black eye in earnest. If you

take my advice you'll withdraw to your office with your satchel and take your set-back quietly. In consideration of the fact that I was some time in your employ I won't say a word about the matter, and probably Mr. Flint will also agree to keep mum if he is asked to."

The two brokers looked and felt like thirty cents, to use a common expression. They had been fairly caught at a rascally trick, and there was no loophole handy through which they could evade the responsibility of their actions. They knew only too well that their reputations on the Street were not any too sweet, and that if their attempt to loot the box of alleged gold specimens got abroad they would be generally shunned by their business associates. Bob's caustic words riled them greatly. It would have given them a whole lot of satisfaction if they could have choked him then and there. He had them where the hair was short, and the only thing left for the foxy gentlemen was to retire from the scene of their discomfiture as gracefully as they could. Littleby turned to Flint.

"This is all a mistake, Flint," he said. "Carson here has just been playing a trick upon us and he's trying to make all the capital he can out of it, like a boy will, you know, when he catches his elders at a disadvantage. I hope you won't say anything about what you've seen, for it would make us look kind of small. I am bound to admit that Carson has got the better of us on this occasion, and though it goes against our grain to admit defeat at the hands of a boy who was formerly our messenger, I don't see how we can help ourselves. Come on, Mallison, dump out those bags of black diamonds, and we'll get back to the office."

Without another word to Bob, the slickest firm of brokers on Wall Street withdrew with as much dignity as they could muster. Bob then closed the door and told Flint how and why he had put up the job on Littleby & Mallison.

"They had swindled a widow lady who sent them ten shares of D. & G. to dispose of at the market, which was 72 at the time. They should have sold the stock and sent her the money, less their commission. Instead of that they persuaded her daughter to accept 1,000 shares of Solid Silver mining stock at 50 cents, which figure was a fictitious one, being obtained through some wash sales engineered with the help of a brokerage firm friendly to them. To the shares they added \$200 cash, making \$700, instead of \$720 she was really entitled to, and they had the nerve to deduct \$10 commission from the cash payment, just as if the transaction had been wholly honest. It was the cause of my quitting their employ. I said some pretty plain truths to Mr. Mallison about the matter, and he got his back up and bounced me. Well, I determined, if the opportunity ever presented itself, to get the lady's money back from this tricky firm. In my endeavor to do this I bought 25,000 shares of Solid Silver at 25 cents, day before yesterday. My idea was to corner the Eastern supply, and I succeeded without any trouble, as nobody wanted the stock, and were glad to get rid of it. I then got up this box of pretended specimens and had an account of it printed in the 'News' this morning in order to create the impression that a rich vein of gold had been discovered in the Solid Silver mine. It was rather a risky experiment, as it was natural to

expect that the Curb would send out to Goldfield for a verification of the report. Quite a number of Curb traders came in his morning, looked the two decoy bags of real gold quartz over and they were much impressed with the richness of the ore. They started off to buy Solid Silver stock right away on the chance that the facts were as alleged. Their efforts to get it sent the price up. This flurry wouldn't have lasted over an hour if the report of a gold discovery in the Solid Silver mine had been promptly denied. It seems that it wasn't denied for some reason which I cannot explain. On the contrary, a boom was started in the stock in Goldfield and on other Western Exchanges. That fact put my little scheme through successfully. I sold the widow's thousand shares to a broker named Brown at 90 cents, and after the Curb Exchange closed Littleby came in here to investigate the specimens to see if they would account in any way for the boom. I then offered him my 25,000 shares of Solid Silver shares at \$1, and he snapped them up, expecting to sell them tomorrow at a considerable advance, for the mining market is now in a strong bullish mood over Solid Silver. Although I have personally made over \$18,000 profit on the deal, my purpose is not to let Littleby & Mallison realize a profit on those shares. I shall furnish the papers with an explanation of the boom, and tomorrow morning when the Curb Exchange opens for business I fancy Solid Silver will take a big clump. Nobody will be hurt except Littleby & Mallison, and the single broker who paid 90 cents for 1,000 shares, and he can't lose more than a few hundred dollars."

Flint chuckled at Bob's story and told him he was a clever boy.

"The reason I called here myself was to get a look at those specimens, for I meant to buy some Solid Silver myself tomorrow. Since you have put me wise to the scheme, why, of course, I won't buy any. I'm much obliged to you for the tip, and will do as much for you if the chance offers. Let me see those real specimens, please."

Bob showed him the contents of the two bags.

"By Jove! These are rich for fair. Where did you get them?"

"At the assay office down the street."

"Well, you're a dandy, upon my word," laughed Flint. "And the other bags are full of coal, eh?"

"That's what they are," grinned Bob.

"I wouldn't be surprised but you'll make your mark some day as one of our shrewdest traders," said Flint. "You certainly trimmed those two brokers in great shape."

"That's what I set out to do, and I succeeded better than I expected. It's about time they got a good lesson."

"I agree with you, Carson; but to think they were done up by a boy, and their old messenger at that, is the best joke I've heard in a long time."

Flint laughed heartily, and after a few words more took his leave. Next morning all the Wall Street dailies had an expose of the Solid Silver boom, and it created a whole lot of excitement and comment on the Street. No names were mentioned, and consequently for a time the brokers were ignorant of the fact that the fiasco originated with the boy trader in Wall Street. Of course, when the Curb Exchange opened for business, Solid Silver took a slump back to 25 cents,

and nobody was looking for it even at that price, though it was booming on the Western markets at 85 cents and upward. As soon as the expose was telegraphed to Goldfield the stock got a setback there, too, though a desperate effort was made by those interested in the stock to hold the price up. It tumbled on all the other exchanges as well, and was soon back at 35 cents. The trimming of Littleby & Mallison by the boy broker was too good a story for Flint to keep to himself. He let it out to one friend, and then another, and before business closed in Wall Street that day every trader in the financial district was chuckling over the doing up of the foxy firm by the boy trader who had lately been their messenger.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

The trimming of Littleby & Mallison at once gave Bob Carson a reputation in the Street. Brokers who had hitherto been ignorant of his existence began calling on him at his little den in the Bassett Building in order to make his acquaintance, and to tell him what a smart young fellow they thought he was. When he was pointed out on the street other traders went up to him and shook him by the hand, saying how glad they were to know him, and congratulated him on doing what nobody else had succeeded in bringing about—the humbling of Littleby & Mallison, who were cordially disliked by all the square brokers of Wall Street. As for Littleby and Mallison themselves, they were so sore at Bob that they put their heads together and tried to think up some scheme to get back at him. They were also out something like \$20,000 on the Solid Silver mining stock they bought from the boy with the expectation of realizing from 50 to 100 per cent. profit. They knew that Bob had made what they had lost on the deal, and they figured up that altogether the boy must be worth quite a tidy little sum. The second day after Bob had worked his Solid Silver Scheme was Saturday, and Mrs. Manson and Ruby kept their promise to call at his office. They walked in a few minutes before one, and Bob welcomed them like old friends. After they had admired his little office Bob said:

"I've got rid of your stock, Mrs. Manson."

"Did you get Mr. Mallison to take it back?" she asked.

"No. I sold it to a broker on the outside after I had engineered a rise to 90 cents."

"Did you really sell it for as much as that?"

"I did. I am ready to give you the \$500 you were entitled to in the first place, and \$400 more, less my commission of \$12.50."

Ruby and her mother were very much surprised, not to say delighted, at the result of the young broker's effort in their behalf. They said they couldn't thank him enough for his kindness.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Manson, I was determined you should lose nothing through that unlucky deal with Littleby & Mallison. Now I will tell you how I not only sold your stock at a profit, but how I made over \$18,000 myself out of Solid Silver."

Whereupon he told them all about the scheme he had worked, and how he had caught the foxy brokers when they were not expecting to be done

by a boy. Mother and daughter thought Bob the smartest boy they had ever heard of. It was two o'clock when he took them to a nice restaurant on Beaver Street to lunch, and after the meal he escorted them home. While he was alone a few minutes in the sitting-room with Mrs. Manson he told her that he was very much attracted to Ruby, and asked her if she had any objection to his calling regularly on her daughter. She had no objection whatever. In fact, she was highly pleased to think that so desirable a young man wished to pay attention to Ruby.

Bob then asked the girl herself if he might call on her a couple of times a week, and take her out occasionally, and she said he could do so. On the following Monday Bob discovered, through overhearing a couple of brokers talking the matter over, that a syndicate had been formed to boom S. & D. stock. He immediately bought 5,000 shares of S. & D., which was going then at 53. For some days S. & D. showed little life, hovering around the price Bob paid for his block of shares, then it began to rise at a smart rate. When it reached 60 it began to attract attention from the traders, and the newspapers commenced to print rumors about it. The outside public now got interested in it, and the combine got its brokers to start the boom in earnest.

Inside of a week it was quoted at 75. Then those on the inside began to unload quietly on the public. As soon as Bob noticed that thousands of shares were changing hands he began to consider that it was high time for him to get out before anything happened. So he gave the bank orders to sell his shares, and they went in lots of 1,000 shares at an average of 76 1-2. He cleared a profit of \$115,000, which, added to his capital, made him worth about \$185,000.

"Anybody who says I'm not lucky in Wall Street doesn't know what he's talking about," thought Bob. "If I wasn't lucky I never could have made almost \$200,000 in a few months from a start of a little over \$500. Yes, I'm lucky, all right, and it's better to be born lucky than rich. I'll bet there are a lot of old graybeards who have spent most of their lives in the district wrestling with the Wall Street tiger who are not near so well off as I am. If my luck keeps on it will only be a question of time when I'll be able to call myself a millionaire."

It was about this time that Littleby & Mallison sent a fascinating lady to Bob with a hundred shares of M. & N. stock to sell for her. Of course the boy trader didn't know that his late employers had sent the lady to him for the purpose of getting him into serious trouble. The stock in question was the remains of a block which had been forged by a clever engraver who was spending a fourteen-year term in Sing Sing for the crime. All but those 100 shares had been recovered by the company and destroyed. They had never turned up because Littleby & Mallison had kept them hidden away in their office safe hoping the time might come when they could work them off safely. The lady told Bob she had found them in an old trunk which had been much used by her late husband, who, she said, had been dead several years. Bob believed her and said he would sell them for her. An hour after she left a man, who said he was a Curb broker, called on Bob and asked him if he had any M. & N. stock on hand. Bob said he had 100 shares belonging

to a client. The broker said that 100 shares would do very nicely. Bob got the stock out of his safe, and the man was writing his check for \$8,800 when Broker Flint came in to ask Bob to buy a few thousand shares of a certain mining stock for him, as he didn't want to be known in the transaction. He saw the M. & N. certificate in Bob's hands, and observing the number, asked Bob where he got it. Bob told him and said he was just about to sell the certificate to the broker who was in the room.

"I wouldn't, Bob, if I were you," said Flint.

"Why not?"

"Because you will be likely to get into trouble. That is a forged certificate, unless I am greatly mistaken."

"A forged certificate!" exclaimed the boy trader.

"I'd advise you to send it to the offices of the company, at No. 1 Broadway, and ask the secretary to let you know whether it is genuine or not. If it is all right the secretary will certify it. If it isn't he'll let you know fast enough."

"Here is your check for the stock," said the Curb broker at that moment.

"I am sorry," said Bob, "but I will have to postpone the sale of this certificate for perhaps an hour, until I ascertain its genuineness beyond any doubt."

"What's the matter with it? Isn't it all right?"

"I have just learned from Mr. Flint that a number of forged certificates of M. & N. stock have found their way on the market. I don't say that this is one of them, but it is well to be on the sure side. It wouldn't do for me to sell you this certificate as a genuine one and have it subsequently discovered to be a forgery. It would hurt my reputation as a rising broker."

"Let me look at it."

Bob passed it over.

"I don't see any indication that it's a forgery. I'm willing to take it if you have no reason to believe it isn't genuine."

"No," replied Bob, "I won't part with it until the secretary of the company has certified its genuineness. Leave me your address and I'll bring the certificate to your office if it's all right."

The broker did so and then took his leave with an expression of disappointment on his face. When he left Bob's office he went down the corridor and entered the offices of Littleby & Mallison. Bob and Mr. Flint left the building shortly afterward, and the young broker went to the secretary's office of the M. & N. road at No. 1 Broadway.

"Will you examine that certificate and tell me if it's all right?" said Bob after being admitted to the secretary's room.

"How came this certificate in your possession, young man?" asked the officer sharply, after looking the certificate over.

Bob explained how his lady customer had left it with him to be sold.

"Are you a broker?" asked the secretary suspiciously.

"Yes, sir. Here is my card."

"You are rather young for one. Well, this certificate is not all right. It is a forged one. We have been on the lookout for it for two or three years. It is the only one which we have not been able to trace. I will retain it, and give you a receipt for it, which you can tender the lady when

she comes back to your office. Was she an entire stranger to you?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

"Well, when she comes back to you for the money detain her in the office on some pretext and communicate with me by 'phone."

Bob promised to do that and took his leave. On his way back he dropped in at the address given by the Curb broker who wanted to buy the certificate. He failed to find his name on the directory in the building, and nobody connected with the place knew anything about the man. Bob thought that was queer, and so he called on the big broker who had given him the information about the Solid Silver mine, and to whom he had afterward referred Mrs. Manson, but this gentleman, who was presumed to know all the Curb brokers, had no knowledge of this particular broker. Bob then waited for the lady to turn up, but she never did, and he finally telephoned the secretary of the road to that effect.

"It was evidently a put-up job on you," replied that official. "The woman was acting for somebody else, and you were selected on account of your youth and apparent inexperience as the person most likely to dispose of the certificate."

That was the end of the incident, and Bob never learned that Littleby & Mallison had really been behind the scheme to try and get him into trouble out of revenge. Bob continued to be lucky in Wall Street right along, and within a year was worth over half a million. He then hired a suite of rooms in another building and looked out for regular customers. During all this time he called regularly on Ruby Manson, and in the course of time became engaged to her. By the time he reached his twenty-first birthday he was pretty well established as a rising young broker, and then he married Ruby and bought a handsome home in the Bronx, where he gave her mother a home with his wife and himself. To this day Bob Carson is pointed out as a man who is lucky in Wall Street, but some of the old traders still remember him as the boy who trimmed the brokers.

Next week's issue will contain "IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF; OR, THE PLUCKY BOY WHO GOT TO THE TOP."

FRENCH CONFIDENCE MEN COLLECT RADIO TAXES

A set of enterprising Paris crooks got the jump on Finance Minister Doumer recently when the introduction of a bill imposing a tax on wireless receiving sets was announced. Taking time by the forelock, these unscrupulous but ingenious persons, armed with books of official looking receipts, began calling at the houses with wireless aerial terminals on the roof or in the yard, betraying the presence of wireless sets and collecting as large a tax as they thought the householder would stand for.

The Prefecture of Police was obliged to broadcast a warning against these individuals, reminding the public that the bill instituting the tax has not yet been passed.

TRUE GRIT

or

An Engineer at Eighteen

By Gaston Garne

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued)

At length they reached the entrance to a sort of cave in the side of the hill. The landscape here was wild and lonesome in the extreme. Scrub bushes and tangled vines grew all around in great profusion, and the mountainsides were covered with pines and some other varieties of trees. A hundred feet below the Round Top Railroad wound in and out on an ascending grade. As near as one might guess from the position of the sun, it was three o'clock.

The prisoners were placed in separate corners of the cave, while the three ruffians squatted down just within the entrance, and consulted together in low tones.

Patterson had removed the handkerchief from Myrtle's mouth and used it to tie her hands behind her back. He had threatened to tie her feet if she moved from the spot where he placed her.

Bob, though decidedly uneasy over his own prospects, did the best he could to cheer up his fair companion.

"Whatever their intentions are in regard to me, they certainly won't harm you, Myrtle," he said, reassuringly.

"But I am not thinking of myself; I'm worrying about you. I'm so afraid they mean to do you some injury. Oh, Bob," she said, impulsively, "I—I am sure I should die if anything was to happen to you," and the girl burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Myrtle. Remember I've been in tighter scrapes than this and came out on top. My chief regret is that I am helpless and cannot defend you against these scoundrels."

"You have done the best you could," she said, tearfully. "You are a brave boy. Everybody says so, and I know it, but you could not save me and yourself, too, from three such horrid wretches as these men are. Oh, Bob, Bob, what shall we do?"

"I don't see that we can do anything at present. It seems strange those fellows should be hanging about this neighborhood when they know they are marked men. As Sheriff Wood failed to catch them, everybody supposed they had long since escaped from the State."

"Yes, I heard papa say that the other morning at breakfast. The company has doubled the reward of \$1,000 apiece for their capture. And now to think that in place of their being hundreds of miles away they are here within a few miles of Rushville."

"That shows how foxy they are. No one would think of looking for them in this neighborhood. I guess they must have found the pursuit too hot, and have doubled back on the officers. It happened to be our hard luck to run against them as we did. It makes me mad to think of it."

"Dear, dear, it's too bad we left the Glen House," said Myrtle, with quivering lips.

"Yes, but we could not foresee what has happened. At any rate, I suppose I ought to have known better than to have exposed you to even the slightest risk."

"You are not to blame, Bob," she said, earnestly. "I spoke of taking the walk to the gorge myself, it is such a lovely spot, and I wanted to avoid dancing with Chester King. Mamma and papa do not care for me to be seen with him any more than I can help. They say he is getting very reckless as to his habits."

"He ought to have more respect for himself than he does. His father is one of the richest men in Rushville, and Chet goes into the best society."

"I shall never invite him to our home," she said, decidedly.

Then her thoughts got back again to their unfortunate situation, and it took all of Bob's natural cheeriness of disposition to keep her from losing courage.

The afternoon passed slowly away, and the two were not disturbed.

As the shadows of night began to fall, however, the three men got ready for action.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bob is Treated to a Surprise and Myrtle is Held for Ransom.

Joe Bunker walked into the cave and, facing his two prisoners, surveyed them for a moment or two before he spoke.

"The time has come when you two interestin' cherubs have got to part," he said, with a grin which was not perceptible in the gloom.

Bob, with an involuntary start, gripped the earth behind him. He thought he knew what the ruffian meant. He expected no mercy from these scoundrels, and all through the afternoon his nerves had been on the tingle with apprehension, which he tried to conceal from Myrtle, as to the probable fate these men had in view for him. Now that the time had come when he must face that fate, the shock of it was hard to bear with any degree of calmness.

Besides, there was Myrtle, the girl for whose sake he would willingly face any peril. What was to become of her? Were they about to set her free as a useless encumbrance? Most likely that was their intention.

"Much ag'in our grain, Bob Blake," continued Bunker, slowly, "we've concluded to let you go."

This announcement fairly staggered the young fireman.

"Let me go!" he exclaimed, in a bewildered way.

"That's what I said. We're goin' to let you go."

"After the threats you've made against my life," said the astonished boy. "I find it hard to realize that you're concluded to do nothing. But as Miss Kent goes with me I can't see what you mean when you say the time has come for us to part."

"Miss Kent stays with us."

"What!" said the young fireman, in consternation, while the girl uttered a cry of dismay. "Do you think I will agree to that?"

"I guess you haven't anythin' to say on the subject, young man. If you knew what you've es-

caped you'd drop down on your marrow bones and say all the prayers of thankfulness you ever learned in your life. Judge Kent's daughter has saved your life."

"Look here, Bunker, I'd like to know what you're driving at?"

"That's exactly what I'm comin' to, young man," said Bunker, with an air of business. "When we first got hold of you two our intentions as regards yourself had been cut and dried these weeks past, and we were only waitin' for the lucky chance to come our way to put 'em into effect. When we brought the pair of you up to this roost of ours the programme we had in sight was this: As soon as it got dark, like 'tis now, we were goin' to carry you down to the track below, tie you to the rails and let the night freight, drawn by Thirty-three, your own engine, carve you into slices."

Myrtle, who was listening with distended eyes, gave a moan of horror.

"Don't worry, young lady, the programme has been changed, and you're the cause of the change. We were goin' to show you the way back to the Glen, where we s'posed you came from, just as soon as the freight had done the biz for us. But arrangements has been altered. Steve Gummitt has a long head, and he made a suggestion that, if it works as it ought, will kind of reconcile us to the boss of doin' up this smart young aleck who butted into our plans some time ago."

"What has Miss Kent got to do with any of your plans?" asked Bob curiously.

"Just this much, young man. We calculate that the judge, her father, will be willin' to come down handsomely and guarantee the three of us against arrest and prosecution for what stands ag'in us on the books of the railway to save his child's life. That the message we're going to send to the judge by you, and the young lady stays with us till we get a satisfactory answer. I reckon you can see through the millstone after I've p'inted out the hole to you."

"And suppose I refuse to carry such a message to Judge Kent," said Bob boldly, "what will you do about it?"

"It would kind of disapp'int us, that's all. We'd have to go back to our fust plan, take revenge out of your hide, let the young lady go, and trust to luck to get away from this locality. I don't take you for a fool, young man, to throw away the only chance you have for your life."

"You must take this man's message to papa, Bob," cried Myrtle appealingly.

"You hear what the young lady says? She's got a level head. She knows her pop won't miss a thousand dollars, but that your mammy would miss you awfully if she had to tuck your remains away in the churchyard, and I guess you know that, too."

Bunker was certainly brutally frank.

"Dear Bob," said Myrtle bravely, "do go at once. I'm willing to stay here with these men to save you from harm. I'm sure they don't mean to injure me."

"You're a brave, noble girl, Myrtle," said Bob, with almost a sob at the thought of leaving this gentle creature behind in that wild, desolate spot for even a few hours. "I'll take the message, since there is no other course left to me. But I tell you, Joe Bunker, only that I can see that it is to your advantage to keep faith with us in this

matter, I never would willingly leave Miss Kent in your hands."

It was now twilight outside, and so dark in the cave that the three could hardly distinguish each other.

Bunker released Bob and Myrtle from their bonds.

"You stay where you are," he said to the girl. Then turning to Bob, "There's an outlet at the back of this place which overhangs the railroad. You'd better take a look at it so that you can make the judge understand which will happen to his daughter if he should refuse our terms and tries to run us down. Push through behind that rock."

Bunker shoved Bob in the direction indicated, and the boy found himself in a kind of rude passage, which he followed with his hands before him, for the place, of course, was pitch dark, pushed on behind by the leader of the railroad wreckers.

Perhaps five hundred or one thousand years ago this narrow tunnel had been formed by the resistless force of a mighty mountain stream, trying for an outlet for itself, and when in the course of time the flow of water had lessened and finally dried up its former course, could still be traced by this passage through the earth and rocks.

There was just room enough for one person to pass at a time, and Bob experienced an unpleasant sensation of uncertainty lest after all Bunker's scheme for ransoming Myrtle Kent was only an excuse for leading him like an unsuspecting lamb into some trap designed to finish him.

But before this awful suspicion had fairly taken possession of his mind, he came suddenly upon a spot where the light of the rising full moon filtered into the passage through a thick overgrowth of wild bushes.

"You needn't go any further," said Bunker. "Pop your head out and see what you can see. Don't be afraid, I'm not goin' to push you over."

It was a magnificent view Bob caught of the mountainscape in the hazy light of the moonshine. Under more favorable circumstances he would have gazed for many minutes at the wonderful beauty of the scene, for the boy had what phrenologists call the bump of idealism strongly developed.

"Just cast your optics downward, will you?" ordered Bunker.

"Well, I'm looking," said Bob, glancing down a sheer fall of something like one hundred and fifty feet to the curving railroad track below.

"You'll allow, I reckon, that it wouldn't be healthy for a person to tumble out of this here hole. Tell Judge Kent that unless he stumps up \$5,000 apiece to us, and guarantees us time to make our way out of the State, somethin' 'll happen at this here winder which he won't never forget or forgive himself for bein' the cause of. D'ye understand? I don't need to make the thing no plainer to a chap of your brains."

"I know what you mean," said Bob.

"I guess you do," said Bunker, with a short laugh. "Now go back the way you come."

In a few minutes they were back in the cave.

"There's a short road to the Glen over this end of the mount'in," said Bunker. "You'd better take it, for the sooner this here business is concluded the sooner this lady bird 'll be able to fly for the home nest, d'ye see?"

"Keep up your courage, Myrtle. I'll take your mare at the Glen and ride with all speed to town. Your father will know what to do when he hears my story," said Bob reassuringly.

"Oh, Bob, Bob!" she cried, bursting into tears and impulsively throwing her arms about his neck, while her wet cheeks were pressed close to his. "I'm so nervous! But I'll try so hard to be brave."

It was a trying moment for both, and Bob can be excused if he forgot himself for an instant and kissed the sweet lips that quivered so near his own.

"You make a pretty picture, so you do, though I can't see you in the dark," said Bunker, laughing coarsely. "And now, young man, get a move on you."

One long, clinging embrace, the girl shivering in his arms like a leaf, and they parted.

"Remember," said Bunker outside, "we shall be precious sharp on the watch ag'in any move by the judge to take us unawares. It won't work. At the fust sign of it we'll pitch the girl out of that there winder I just showed you, and take our chance of gittin' away afterward. Just make that clear to the judge. There's your road; now go!"

Bob, with a dumb feeling of rage against these men, took the path pointed out to him, and began the ascent of the mountain.

He found the way ragged, but the incline easy, as it wound in and out among the pines, whose recesses were penetrated by the shafts of moonlight.

What his thoughts were as he made his way through that lonesome stretch of Nature's virgin handiwork we will not pretend to describe. Imagine the situation yourself, reader, as you would have faced it had you been Bob.

The boy thought that \$15,000 was but a paltry ransom, when a father would readily sacrifice every dollar he possessed to save a daughter's life.

"But how will the judge be able to guarantee safety to these men?" muttered Bob. "Their two attempts to wreck the night express cannot be overlooked by the company. It will never do to consent to——"

The earth suddenly gave way beneath the lad's feet, and he clutched wildly at the bushes to save himself from falling headlong into the void that had so unexpectedly opened at his feet.

But the effort was futile, and he slid down, down, apparently into the bowels of the mountain.

CHAPTER XIX.

Bob Shows Myrtle the Road to Freedom.

How far Bob went sliding down into the mountain he, of course, had no means of judging, but it must have been some distance.

His descent had been accomplished very much after the fashion of a toboggan, that is, it was made at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees over a hard, smooth surface of rock, with projections enough in the way to give him a good shaking up.

He was brought to a stop by one of his feet

striking a fair-sized stone, and the shock jarred him considerably.

Getting up his legs, he felt about in the intense darkness and found that he was in a walled passage. Its height he could not guess, for it was beyond his reach.

"A nice mess I'm in," he muttered. "Goodness knows how far below the surface I've got to. It seemed as if I'd been sliding a mile on a fast freight. Judge Kent will wait a long time for my message at this rate, and poor Myrtle——"

As he breathed the dear girl's name a thought, like an inspiration, came to his brain.

This passage was very much like the one through which Bunker had conducted him from the rear of the cave. Might it not be the continuation of the same?

Dare he make his way forward to test the correctness of this idea?

The proof lay in that opening upon the mountainside, which Bunker called a window.

Should he locate that then he would know exactly where he was.

And what then?

Bob had a fertile brain and was quick to see an advantage.

If he could make his way back to the hole through which he had tumbled, and he believed that the descent was not too precipitous to be overcome by persistent effort, would it not be possible for him to suggest to the judge a flank move to catch the rascals unawares in the rear, while at the same time they could be attacked in front?

It was a brilliant scheme, but Myrtle's safety must be carefully considered.

Bunker had warned him what Judge Kent might expect if any move was made to take them at a disadvantage, and the rascals' position was so desperate that it was likely they would stop at nothing.

Then another inspiration flashed into Bob's mind.

If this was the back entrance to the cave, as he was counting upon, perhaps he could creep in there and, if circumstances were favorable, make his presence known to Myrtle and lead her to escape by this wonderful underground passage.

Why not? That would be the best and the surest way of all.

It was a splendid plan, if the supposition on which he built was correct, and that he would at once try to find out.

Full of resolution and hope, Bob started down the passage, carefully feeling his way lest some pitfall should upset the scheme he had in view.

But, though he pressed on with a feverish eagerness, an opening in the side of the passage appeared. He began to have serious misgivings on the subject which had become so important in eagerness, an opening in the side of the passage lower down in the earth. It was not unlikely but that the mountain might be honeycombed with such tunnels. Indeed, he began seriously to fear that he might go on indefinitely into the bowels of the earth until some obstruction closed the path against him.

As such disquieting thoughts began to gather force in his brain, his steps began to falter, his resolution to proceed to fail him.

(To be continued)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

MAKING GOLD LEAF

Almost the thinnest thing in the world is the gold-leaf lettering on books and memo pads. It is usually only 1-280,000 of an inch in thickness. One ounce of gold will make gold-leaf 200 feet square.

Taking a narrow gold bar 12 inches in length, an inch broad, and half an inch thick, an expert workman rolls out by hand a ribbon 525 feet long, which he cuts into one-inch squares, says Popular Science Monthly. He then beats each square inch of gold until he spreads it over four square inches.

Next, he cuts these four square-inch pieces into one-inch squares and beats them for two hours. Each of the four squares is expanded to four times its original size. Now the squares are divided and beaten a third time, and the result is a thinness almost invisible—1-280,000 of an inch.

SMALLEST FISH

The record for minuteness in its class is held by a tiny fish shown at the meeting of the American Society of Zoologists at New Haven by Dr. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History, says Science Magazine. The midget is exactly thirty millimetres, or less than one and one-quarter inches, in length, and belongs to the semi-parasitic genus Remora.

The fish in this group are parasitic only to the extent that they "hop a ride" on larger fishes, attaching themselves by a sort of vacuum disk that grows on the tops of their heads. This saves them the labor of swimming for themselves, and they pick up a living by swallowing bits of food scattered by their unwilling carriers at mealtimes. The next smallest specimen, which Doctor Gudger also showed, is a trifle over one and three-quarters inches in length.

MOLLY PITCHER NOW RESTS WITH NATION'S WARRIORS

The body of Margaret Corbin, the "Captain Molly Pitcher" of Revolutionary fame, was removed from its resting place of more than a century on the Highland Falls estate of J. Pierpont Morgan, and re-buried in the post cemetery at West Point, with appropriate services.

The Rev. Roland J. Bunten, rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents of this village, read the committal service at the new grave. Delegations of the Daughters of the American Revolution from New York and Albany, headed by Mrs. Alton B. Parker, were present. The Daughters were responsible for the removal of the body. They will dedicate a monument over "Captain Molly's" grave next month, and will also unveil a tablet to her memory in the Church of the Holy Innocents.

"Captain Molly," the first American woman to take a soldier's part in the war for independence, fought in the battle of Fort Washington on November 16, 1776. Her husband, a gunner, was wounded and she served his cannon until she herself was wounded by three grapeshot.

LAUGHS

"Papa, will you please tell me something?" "What is it, my son?" "Do they arm the cavalry with horse-pistols?"

Mrs. A—What did your husband say when he saw the bill for your new gown? Mrs. B—I didn't hear. I started to play on the piano.

Friend—Does the new landlady at your boarding-house appear to be getting a living out of it? Boarder—Yes, she is, but we are not.

He—They tell me Jones is Cornish by birth. She—How strange that it should run in the family! I thought they were always caused by tight shoes.

"Hubby," said Mrs. Begg, "I want a new ring." "All right, my dear," acquiesced her lord and master. "I'll have the electrician put in a new door-bell to-morrow."

Sonny—Aw, pop, I don't want to study arithmetic. Pop—What! a son of mine grow up and not be able to figure up baseball scores and batting averages. Never!

"Well, dear, I guess the honeymoon is over." "Why do you say that?" pouted the bride. "I've been taking stock and find I'm down to two dollars and sixty-five cents."

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with skates over her arm. "I've been roller skating and I'm tired of sitting down."

First Newsboy—A guy handed me a half dollar for a paper dis morning. I went outer de depot to get de change, an' when I came back he was gone. Second Newsboy—How long was you gone for de change? First Newsboy—'Bout two hours.

Mr. Binks—Our neighbor, Minks, was shot at by a burglar and the bullet lodged in his pocket-book. Mrs. Binks—What if it? Mr. Binks—Nothing; only I was thinking his wife must be very economical. A bullet would go right through mine.

The Maniac of the Woods

There were three of us in the party—Tom, Ed and myself—and we were in camp at Bullet Pond, in the great New York wilderness.

For two nights we had been lying in wait near a patch of lily-pads, without the comforts of a snatch of sleep, or a spark of fire, in hopes that a deer would come down to browse among the pads or to cool his sides in the clear water.

But now the third night was closing around, and not the faintest indication of a deer had we seen or heard.

"Third time and out," said Tom, wrapping himself in his blanket and leaning his back against a great tree. "If we don't get a shot tonight I propose to pull up stakes and move in the morning. It's getting dolefully monotonous, this night work."

"Agreed!" cried Ed and I, and imitating Tom's example, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, laid our guns across our knees, and bolstering ourselves against the trunks of a couple of hemlocks, prepared for a night of watching.

For a long time it was as silent as death—no stir in the air, no voice of beast or bird. Had we dared whisper to one another, we should have all said the same thing: "There is a storm in the air." But, in such utter silence we, too, must be hushed, for the faintest lisp would have been heard across the pond.

So we sat in the blackness, like mummies, hugging our thoughts for comfort, and starting with rapid heart-beats at every swish of a twig relaxing in the forest, or leap of restless trout in the sedgy confines of the pond.

It must have been getting on toward midnight when I caught myself rousing from a brief doze and settling my limbs for another nap.

A faint ray of moonlight struggled through the dark boughs, and by its aid I saw Tom and Ed, with upturned faces, and heads leaning back against the mossy trunks, fast asleep.

Tom's gun had slipped from his knees, and the muzzle stuck into the mold.

"Foolish fellow," I thought. "If a deer should come, he would shoot with those clogged-up barrels and blow himself to pieces. I must wake him."

So resolved I began to unwind the blanket from my legs, when suddenly a noise from the opposite side of the pond caused me to pause and grasp my gun with trembling fingers.

First a twig snapped, and then a deep sigh stole across the water, and died away in the forest behind me.

Perplexed, I began to search my mental encyclopedia concerning the deer family, to ascertain whether I had ever heard or read anything about their sighing, but no such information occurred to me.

Again the deep-drawn breath swept over the pond, and I heard stealthy feet creeping down to the shore.

Now was a chance for glory—that I, the youngest of the party, might shoot a real deer, while Tom and Ed, rival and mighty Nimrods, were

snoozing peacefully within ten feet of the muzzle of my gun.

I shook like a leaf in the excitement of the moment.

I saw the bushes stir on the opposite side of the pond, and was just cocking both barrels, pressing the triggers at the same time, that they would not click, when the fitful moon plunged into a bank of storm clouds, and in a moment all was black as the grave.

I was bitterly disappointed, when suddenly forth sailed the moon, brighter than ever.

Something was crouching in the shadows opposite me—a patch of blackness more intense than the surrounding gloom.

In a moment the smooth stock of my gun rested against my cheek, and my fingers trembled on the triggers.

Bang!—bang!

The barrels had discharged before I brought them to the centre of the object.

I shall never forget that moment as long as I live!

The moon was quenched as in horror.

The first sighing of the storm filled the somber trees, and their branches tossed like angry arms.

But more terrible than all, the most terrible sound I ever heard, and I hope never again to hear its like—a shriek, ragged and fierce, and long-drawn, pierced to my very soul, and seemed to cleave asunder breath and being.

Such a cry!

Grant you may never have a conception of it, for I cannot give you one in words.

Tom and Ed sprang from slumber and groped toward me with frightened whispers.

Long watching, and the constant strain upon their nerves, coupled with this terrible awakening, had made them almost childish.

I lay motionless against the tree, my eyes staring into the gloom, and my hands half raised, as though to ward off some threatening harm.

The gun had fallen, still smoking, at my feet.

"John! Are you there? What is the matter?" whispered Tom, feeling about in the darkness for my hands. "What was that awful cry?"

My lips refused to move.

We all crouched together at the foot of the tree, listening, with bated breath.

Again the horrid scream pealed out, and we heard the bushes violently swaying, as though some heavy body were pushing its way through them.

At the same time mutterings and guttural laughter, wonderfully human, assailed our ears.

"It is coming around the pond!" cried Ed hoarsely. "What shall we do? Where shall we run?"

All three of us started to our feet in terror, and stood clutching at one another like frightened children.

The commotion drew nearer.

The creature, whatever it was, had rounded the head of the pond.

Short, blood-curling cries came to us through the increasing rush of the wind in the trees—inarticulate threats, more fearful because we knew not from what kind of a being they proceeded.

Tom started away a few steps, as though to recover his gun, but came shivering back again.

He could not advance alone in the face of the mysterious pursuer.

"Let's take hold of hands and run!" I whispered.

And Tom, getting on one side of me, and Ed on the other, we plunged blindly into the pathless forest, not knowing whither we went.

The stealthy steps behind us ceased for a moment as they reached our little camp, and with unspeakable horror we heard a wild human laugh echo through the solitude.

"It's a maniac!" gasped Tom.

A weakness like that of death settled upon our limbs; yet we staggered on, separated every now and then by intervening trees, but always seeking each other again, and clasping hands.

By the merest chance we had struck off in a northerly direction, and as good fortune would have it, blundered into the trail leading down the valley.

Taking heart somewhat at this, we broke into Indian file, and dashed down the path at the top of our speed.

It was not long, however, before we heard the screams of our unearthly pursuer in the rear, and by their sudden change from indistinctness to the most vivid clearness, we knew that the maniac had struck the trail and that evasion was no longer possible.

Our only hope lay in open flight, and as we had nearly a quarter of a mile the start, and were good runners, besides being quickened by the impulse of dread, we might perhaps have reached the little settlement, two and a half miles down the valley, had not Tom stepped on a loose stone, and, falling, wrenched his ankle so severely that he could not rise.

Never was crisis more trying.

The thunder had commenced its ominous muttering.

Flashes of pale and weird lightning illumined for an instant the lonely face of the wilderness, and then let fall once more the veil of impenetrable gloom.

But above all the fearful portents of the hour those piercing shrieks and maniacal bursts of laughter, those rapid footfalls and furious leaps of the madman echoed in our ears.

"We must get out of the path!" cried Ed. "Here!—take hold of Tom's legs!"

I did as he bade me, and together we bore him into the thick underbrush beside the path.

A moment of terrible suspense, and the maniac came bounding by.

As he passed us he uttered his awful cry, and the last vestige of strength fled from our limbs.

We could not have raised a finger in defense had he flung himself upon us.

Full a minute passed, and still the maniac kept on his wild course.

"We are safe!" murmured Tom.

But hark! The wild cries have ceased and the frantic footfalls.

Is he gone so soon, or is he coming back?

We scarcely dared to breathe.

Tom's ear was close to the ground.

Suddenly he moaned and covered his face.

Catlike steps were heard ascending the path, bringing ever nearer to us rapid mutterings and snatches of fiendish laughter.

The maniac was returning!

He was close at hand. He sniffed the air with hungry nostrils.

Now he stoops, parts the bushes on the side of

the path, and crawls through them on his hands and knees, nosing the ground like a dog.

He is on our track!

Slowly but surely he is searching us out.

We are lost—lost!

The maniac crept up till he was close upon us.

A flash of lightning revealed his face.

It was like the face of a brute—senseless, and yet wonderfully sensitive.

A shrinking timidity dwelt in the large, distended, innocent eyes.

All the features were alert with a twitching inquisitiveness.

He sidled away from us on his hands and knees, like a terrified animal, sniffing distrustfully, then arose to a half-erect, half-stooping posture, and glided from our sight, pushing the ground with his gaunt, dangling hands.

We heard him chattering and laughing in the distance; then all was quiet again, save for the rain that fell in torrents, and the sighing of the wind among the desolate hills.

We lay on the cold, wet grounds, with hearts at peace and overfull.

"Yes!—yes!" said the old guide, when he heard our story. "That's the madman of the wilderness, though he ain't been seen in these parts for years. Lucky you didn't get a good aim at him. He's a terrible-looking object, to be sure, but he wouldn't hurt man, woman or child, any more than a big-eyed rabbit would. We guides all feel a sort of attachment for the poor creature. Of course, if you run, he'll chase you, just as a kitten chases a ball of yarn; but that's the end of it. He's a poor senseless animal. He ain't got no sting."

AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

A train came tearing along at fifty miles an hour. In the engineer's cab a small red light flashed, and in an instant the wheels shrieked and the whole train came to a sudden stop, the throttle still wide open. An unseen hand had prevented an imaginary wreck.

In this successful demonstration recently on the Pere Marquette Railroad near Detroit, Mich., electricity had a new triumph, according to Popular Science Monthly. It was proved that it would warn of danger on the track ahead many minutes in advance, and, should the engineer be dead or disabled, bring the locomotive to a stop automatically.

"Electric magnetic waves, flowing in the track rails," explained Thomas E. Clark, inventor of the radio-controlled safety devices, "are picked up by loop collector coils under the locomotive's pilot or cowcatcher. They are transmitted to a visual signal device in the engine cab. This has three lights—red for danger, yellow for caution and green for clear track ahead.

"The red light is flashed only when there is imminent danger of collision. Should a train be occupying a block, the rest of the rail surface within the block becomes automatically demagnetized, and another train entering the block from the rear or front will receive the danger signal and an automatic application of the brakes."

The incoming signals are despatched automatically by block towers along the line.

GOOD READING

SACRED MOONSTONE.

The moonstone is believed by many to bring good fortune. In India this beautiful gem is considered as highly sacred and is never sold except on a yellow cloth, yellow being an especially sacred color.

OLDEST UMBRELLA.

The oldest umbrella in the world is still in good condition. The umbrella was brought in 1770 by William Clevett in the County of Dorset, England, before he emigrated to Tasmania. It has been handed down from generation to generation and still belongs to a descendant of the first owner, who cherishes it as precious legacy.

SELL GIRLS TO CHINESE

Young criminals in the Irkutsk district of Siberia are kidnapping young girls and selling them to Chinese, says a dispatch to the Young Communist Truth from Irkutsk.

In one instance a youth kidnapped a seventeen-year-old girl and took her across the Chinese border, where he sold her for \$25. Fearing a like fate the girls of that district refuse to go on the streets after dark. In another village a 15-year-old girl was carried off and sold to a Chinese for \$8 and fifty pounds of flour.

BIG DEMAND FOR SNAILS

The big demand for snails in this country, which has been apparent in French exporting trade for some time and which was the subject of a dispatch from Paris, was verified at Sherry's. It was said there that the demand had steadily increased and that now this delicacy was one of the most popular.

Snails have been known in New York for many years, but Americans really discovered the table variety on its native heath during the war. Since then tourists who had heard that the snail was edible kept up the demand and gradually it spread to this country. Because of the great interest in snails, Julien, the chef at Sherry's, has concocted a new sauce for them.

BUY FRENCH GOLD COINS TO MELT AND SELL AGAIN.

At least 1,000,000,000 francs in gold coin are still hidden away in the proverbial woolen stocking of the thrifty Frenchman, according to authoritative calculations made in connection with numerous recent arrests for buying gold coins and melting them down for sale.

Groups of men are traveling through the country and paying as high as 70 or 80 paper francs for 20-franc gold pieces. In persuading the holders to sell they frequently use the argument that the gold coins are sure to be demonetized before the country gets back to a normal gold basis. The agents say that even at the price of 80 paper francs the 20-franc gold pieces can be melted and sold at a profit.

SESQUI TO HAVE HUGE POOL

One of the largest outdoor swimming pools in the country will be erected for the three championship meets which will be held as part of the

sports program of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition.

The pool for the speed races will be 350 yards in length and 150 yards wide. Because this pool is not of sufficient depth to permit the holding of high diving contests, a special pool for the diving events will be built. Both will be located within the Exposition grounds.

The leading swimmers of the world are expected to gather here for another assault on the speed records. The first championship meet is scheduled for June 22, 23 and 24, when the women's and men's Middle Atlantic District A. A. U. championships will be held. One week later the men's national championships will take place, while the women will strive for national titles August 4, 5, 6 and 7.

A grandstand to seat between 2,500 and 3,500 will be erected.

JOHN MORTON, SIGNER

Why the keystone for Pennsylvania? By his service to his country in a great crisis, John Morton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, this summer, was inadvertently responsible for the symbol by which the State is now known throughout the land.

He was chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation appointed to consider separation from England. The vote of the delegation was a tie until he cast the vote which placed the State on the side of separation, and it was from this fact that Pennsylvania became known as the Keystone State.

John Morton was the grandson of Morton Mortenson, who migrated to Delaware County from Sweden in 1654. He received a fair education and acquired some knowledge of law. He served as speaker of the Assembly from 1772-75.

Soon after his entrance into political life he attended the Stamp Act Congress in New York. He held the position of High Sheriff of the county, judge in several courts, and was a member of the Continental Congress from its inception.

As to the question of separation from Great Britain, opinions in the Province differed greatly and in 1776 its delegation was divided on the subject. Taking his seat late in July, Morton showed high and disinterested courage in voting for the Declaration, thus committing his Province to the Revolution, and offending a number of his friends who were Loyalists or Conservatives.

He helped to frame the plan of confederation, but did not live to see it adopted, dying of a fever at his birthplace near Philadelphia in April, 1777.

Morton was the only man of Swedish birth to sign the Declaration. A memorial to his name will be erected by Swedish-Americans all over the United States for the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. The John Morton Memorial Building will stand on the banks of the Delaware River near the United States Navy Yard, and will be used as headquarters for Swedish-Americans during the Exposition.

FROM EVERYWHERE

TEMPERATURE OF MARS

Even if we should find a way to get over to Mars, we couldn't go—at least, not until we had rigged up some sort of an electric suit that would take heat with us. For, landing on that inhospitable shore, we should freeze more solid than icicles owing to the extreme severity of the climate, according to Popular Science Monthly.

Dr. W. B. Coblentz of the United States Bureau of Standards, using extraordinarily delicate instruments of his own invention, has concluded that 100 degrees below zero is just ordinary temperature in our frigid neighbor's clime. Almost every night in winter, he says, it goes down to 70 degrees Centigrade, or 158 degrees Fahrenheit.

Doctor Coblentz made many of his measurements in Arizona last August, when Mars was in an unusually close position to the earth.

HAWAII TO SEND SWIMMERS

Hawaii's star aquatic champions are looking forward to the Sesqui-Centennial swimming events as an opportunity to add several more victories to their already imposing list. The enviable reputation held by Hawaiian swimmers is not expected to suffer much with such imposing names entered in the contests as Duke Kahana-moku, his brother Sam, Warren Kealoha, William Kirschbaum and the famous woman star, Mariechen Wehselau. These water champions will be invited to participate in the Sesqui-Centennial Swimming Championships to be held the last week in July. According to a letter from Victor Ligda, of Honolulu, who is in charge of the trip, to Dr. George W. Orton, director of sports for the Exposition, all these swimmers will come on for the event.

DISROBED IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES

After John L. Green of 37 Franklin Street, Newark, N. J., fell twenty feet to the ground at the Public Service Electric and Gas Company in Harrison, speed records were broken in rushing him to St. Michael's hospital in Newark.

Orderlies immediately began to undress him. After tugging with the patient for twenty-five minutes they finally succeeded in stripping him. It took them so long because they found Green wore the following garments which were removed in this order: Jumper, two sweaters, a coat, another sweater, another coat, a sweater, a heavy suit of underwear, a sweater, another suit of heavy underwear, three pairs of trousers, two pairs of socks and a pair of shoes. He wore only one hat.

After going through this operation it was discovered that Newark's most dressed man was suffering from a slight sprain of his right ankle.

HARMONICA BAND OF BOYS TO GREET SESQUI VISITORS

Harmonicas are making merry in Philadelphia as boys compete for membership in the Sesqui-Centennial Harmonica Band, which will be one of the features of the Exposition opening in that city on June 1 and continuing until December 1.

Fifty thousand of them—small boys, large boys,

all boys who play that good old-fashioned mouth-organ—hope to be among the chosen forty that will don the snappy yellow and blue uniforms with the shiny brass buttons, wear the small cocked hats, and play stirring marches and excerpts from difficult operas. Fingers will flap and feet beat time as harmonicas play in unison under the baton of Albert N. Hoxie.

This band has been designated by Mayor Kendrick to perform for many of the 200 conventions that will be held in Philadelphia during the Exposition. The boys, all of them under nineteen years of age, will be trained in military and fancy drills.

A VALUABLE DOLLAR

The 1804 dollar is one whose value has not shrunk in these days of high prices and low powered money. In fact, the 1804 dollar is the most valuable of all. If you run across one of that date you may consider yourself somewhere between \$1,000 and \$2,000 better off, for the 1804 dollar is worth that much.

Just why the 1804 dollar is so valuable is a matter of uncertainty to numismatists. Many stories are told to explain the mystery. One is that the whole output of coinage was sent to St. Louis, then a frontier trading post, to relieve a money shortage, but that the carriers were robbed on the way and the money buried by the robbers. But the evil fate that so often overtakes those connected with buried treasure came upon the thieves. Some of them were killed, the chart locating the buried coins.

But the opinion of several other authorities is that the shortage of 1804 dollars is directly due to the fact that few were coined. Scott's Standard Catalogue, everywhere accepted by numismatists as something like a final word on such matters, inclines to the opinion that only about twenty of these dollars ever were struck off the dies. That the dies existed is certain, they were not destroyed until 1869.

The last 1804 dollar to appear came to light in Berlin in 1885. It was immediately taken up for \$1,000, but is worth much more today. This rare coin is larger but thinner than the dollar of today. It bears the bust of Liberty, the national arms and the heraldic eagle. On the face side are thirteen stars with the word "Liberty" in large letters at the top. Efforts to counterfeit it have been detected, the counterfeiters using its twin, the 1801 dollar, and merely changing the figure "1" to a "4."

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LOCAL DEAF PEDESTRI- ANS

Owing to the fact that in recent months several accidents have occurred on the streets of Vienna, which were traceable to the subnormal hearing of pedestrians, the Police Department has suggested that all persons whose hearing is subnormal shall wear a yellow brassard 10 cm. in width with three large round black spots. The "Vox" society, the Vienna organization of persons with subnormal hearing, has complied with the suggestion and has supplied all its members with brassards. It has also published a request that all institutions which treat or deal with ear affections (schools for deaf mutes, polyclinics) follow their example. Especially since the war the number of persons suffering from defective hearing has increased greatly. The large number of cannon of heavy calibre used in the war, the many explosions, and also the infectious diseases resulting in middle ear affections have caused the organization in Vienna of the "Vox" society, which numbers 10,000 members and which essays to protect the interests of persons with subnormal hearing.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 530 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—New wonderful seller. \$1.40 profit every \$1.50 sale; monogramming automobiles; Wilbar made \$29.50 first day. Free samples. **WORCESTER MONOGRAM CO.**, Worcester, Mass., 124.

AGENTS—Your opportunity has come. Sell Vest Pocket Calculating Machines. Make \$10 daily. Everybody a prospect. No competition. Write NOW. **Wineholt Co.**, Box 7, Woodbine, Pa.

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. **American Products Co.**, 5921 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS, 14 HOSIERY STYLES. Guaranteed. Best commission. 28 colors. We deliver. Samples furnished. **S. Q. S.**, Lexington, Kentucky.

AGENTS: WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" shirts for large Manufacturer, direct to wearer. No capital, or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. **Madison Mfgs.**, 564 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED

QUALIFY for \$150-\$300 railroad jobs. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, Sleeping Car or Train Porter. **238 Railway Bureau**, East St. Louis, Ill.

\$1,800.00 MADE BY ALLEN also Maier in 30 days selling **START RITE SWITCH** for Fords. To start car just retard spark. Starts easier, saves bendix also starter trouble. Secure demonstrator. Write today for plan. Dept. 1217, **National Sales Co., Inc.**, Coin, Iowa.

\$36 TO \$56 WEEKLY in your spare time doing special advertising work among the families of your city. No experience necessary. Write today for full particulars. **American Products Co.**, 5920 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel, experience unnecessary. Write **George R. Wagner**, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

PERSONAL

EXCHANGE LETTERS. Make new friends. Private introductions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Particulars free. **Good Fellowship Club**, Reading, Penna.

MARRY—Business girl, 27, worth \$73,000; widow, 48, \$36,000; girl, 19, \$40,000. Descriptions and photos free. **Mrs. Warn**, 8634 S. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

OLD MONEY WANTED

Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to \$100.00 for certain U. S. Cents? And high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. **NUMISMATIC CO.**, Dept. 436 Ft. Worth, Tex.

CHARMING LADY worth \$50,000, lonely, will marry **Elnore**, B-1022, Wichita, Kan.

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD—Send dime and birth-date for reliable trial reading. **Marcel Adel**, P. O. Box 1595, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. C.

GIRLIE, PRETTY—Very wealthy, but so lonesome. **League**, Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

LONELY HEARTS—I have a sweetheart for you. Exchange letters; make new friends. Efficient, confidential and dignified service. Members everywhere. **Eva Moore**, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

PRETTY GIRLIE, wealthy but oh so lonesome. **League**, Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW worth \$38,000 wishes early marriage. **Club**, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

MARRY—Sweethearts everywhere. Many wealthy pretty girls. Ladies, gents write. (Stamp) **Doris Dawn**, East Cleveland, Ohio.

CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW—Worth \$38,000 will marry. Write **Eva**, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. **Box 2265**, R. Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. **New Plan Co.**, Dept 36, Kansas City, Mo.

PRETTY GIRLIE, wealthy, but oh so lonesome. **League**, Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. **The Exchange**, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions. Free. **National Agency**, Dept. A. 4606, Station E., Kansas City, Mo.

GET A SWEETHEART—Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. **Violet Ray**, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRY—Lonely Hearts, join our club, we have a companion for you, many worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000. Descriptions, photos, introductions free. Send no money. **Standard Cor. Club**, Grayslake, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

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